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MIZPAH, THEE AND ME.

Apart? Yet memory throws its sunlit mellowing rays
Across the line of hills dividing thee and me,
And far off past, with dreamy flush of purple haze,
Illuminates life's cross and crown for thee and me.
Apart? Yet voices tuned to sympathetic key
Waft through uplifted gates an old song to the heart,
While we are waiting for a day for thee and me,
"Still doth the Lord keep watch o'er thee and me apart!"

Apart? Yet guarded by the brooding skies above,
Where kindled glows Faith's beacon light for thee and me.
Apart? Yet billows on far stretching sea of Love
Blow white winged ships with messages from thee to me.
Life's tide from my soul shore flows back to thy dear heart,
With "light of eventide" flung clear across the sea,
And "still the Lord to watch o'er thee and me apart!"

—Amy Seville Wolff.

HAVELOK THE DANE.

On the eastern coast of England is a town called Grimsby, and they who live therein—or such of them at least who have knowledge of the deeds done by the folk of old—tell this story to the stranger who happens into their dwellings:

Many years ago, say the folk of Grimsby, when in the place of this dear town of ours there was but a sea marsh, with the waters of the broad mouth of the river Humber lapping it, there dwelt in the far off country of Denmark a simple fisherman whose name was Grimme. The lord to whom he was in thrall ruled over the whole fair land of Denmark, yet did not rule of right, but of might. For when the true king of Denmark, whose name was Birkabeen, lay a-dying he called unto him his friend the knight Goddard, and spoke to him in this wise:

"Sir Goddard, in many a battle have we fought side by side, and at many a feast have we drunk out of the same horn, and so had we thought to do for many a year to come. But to each one of us Death cometh at his own bidding, and so is it with me this day. Nor would I sorrow overmuch at Death's coming; for well I know that he will take me to my true love and good wife, Helfeld, who died a year agone, were it not for my little son Havelok and his sister Swanboion. Now, therefore swear to me, good Goddard, that my children will be to thee as thy children, and that thou wilt cherish this fair land of mine until Havelok shall have grown to be a man and worthy to receive it at thy hand." And Goddard sware it, and the good king died in peace. Yet no sooner was he dead than the crafty Goddard took the kinship for his own and cruelly treated the children of his dead friend and master. The maiden indeed he killed, and likewise would he have done to the boy but that he feared, seeing the youth was kingly seeming, though but in his fifth year. So the evil Goddard sent for his thrall Grimme, the fisherman, and said to him:

"Take this boy, tie to him a great weight and cast him into the sea. So shall I reward thee with gold and with thy freedom; and thy sin shall be my sin, and on my head and not on thine it shall lie."

And Grimme took the lad and bound him, and wrapped him in a cloth, and carried him on his back to his hut by the sea, and threw him upon the ground the while his wife Leif cooked for him his supper.

And as he eat he told Leif what the king (for so all men now called Goddard) was to do for them, and what riches awaited them when that the boy should be thrown into the sea; and so he lay down to await the morning, when he should do as he had been bid. But in the night Dame Leif awoke, and thought it was already morning; for, behold, the hut was bright with a great light, the which, when her eyes were used to it, she saw came from where the child lay. Out of his mouth streamed a ray as if from the sun at noonday. Then Leif was troubled, and awoke her husband, who in his turn trembled sorely and was afraid, and asking what this could mean he got up and unbound Havelok, finding as he did so a royal cross on his shoulder. Then quoth Grimme, "Got wot, we have here in our hut the king of Denmark!" And he fell at his feet and swore fealty; but the boy laughed merrily and said:

"Though I be king, yet am I an hungry one and a thirsty withal." So the fisherman and his dame brought bread and cheese and milk and set them before the king's son, and when this one had eaten and drunken he lay down and slept as though he should never awaken.

In the morning, while the son yet slept, Grimme hied himself to Goddard and spoke in this wise: "I have done thy bidding and cast the child into the sea with an anchor of stone tied to his neck. Now give me the reward." But Goddard answered: "Thou naughty varlet, what know I of any child. If this is murder thou hast done I shall surely punish thee." And so Grimme departed from the castle, marveling at the wickedness and falseness of men.

When he came to his hut he gathered his goods together and stowed them in his boat, and putting into it also Havelok and Leif and her three sons and two daughters he raised the sail to the masthead and sailed across the sea toward the west. He had sailed thus for a day and a night when a great wind rose and blew the boat on to the shore of England, and the place where they landed was at the mouth of the river Humber.

Then Grimme built for himself a hut of earth, and seeing that he was a clever fisherman, neither he nor his family nor Havelok wanted for bread, for the fish that he caught he and his sons carried in baskets to the towns and hamlets hard by and sold them. Thus lived they for twelve winters, and young Havelok grew until he had the stature and strength of one who numbered twice his years. But it grieved him that he should be idle, and should have to look to his foster father Grimme for his food and for his raiment, though of the last named it was but little that young Havelok had. Indeed, when the time came that he went to Grimme and said, "I will lie idle no longer, but will go to the south country and there work for my own bread, seeing that you have naught whereunto I can put my hand," it fell out that he had no coat wherewith to cover himself when he should come among the southern folk. So Grimme took off his sailcloth enough to make a coat, and cut it, and the good wife Leif sewed it, so that Havelok had a coat. And Grimme, who was now old, blessed him, and so he departed.

Now, he who ruled over England in those days was no rightful king. His name was Godrich, and he was called the Earl of Cornwall. To him the good King Athelwold, when he lay a-dying, had trusted his daughter Goldborough, making him swear that he would use her rightly and would marry her when she was of a fitting age to the noblest of the land. But Godrich was false to his vows, and did none of these things. In their stead he took for himself the kingdom and shut the young queen up in the castle by the sea, which men call Dover, and she had but small clothing and less to eat and drink. Now the remembrance of his oath began to vex the wicked earl, and he looked around for a way by which he could break it and yet not imperil his soul. While he was debating this his steward, one Bertram, came to him and said: "Earl, there is in my service a youth named Havelok, who is lusty and strong beyond his fellows, and beyond any man I wot of, although he is but a cook's varlet. He came to me a year agone and asked me food, in return for which he hewed the wood and carried the water for the household. Seeing that he was clothed in a single coat, and that he did the work of four, I had fashioned for him clothes of a proper habit, and now I would pray you, earl, to let the youth be brought before you, so haply you may choose him for a man of arms. I say this, for that he is a gentle youth, and that all men, yea, the very children love him, in that he is not only strong but blithe of speech, and handsome to look upon."

And the earl did as Stewart Bertram asked of him, and when Havelok stepped in front of him he saw that all that was told of him was truth. And in that hour a wicked thought took hold of the earl. He thought that he would marry Goldborough to Havelok, and so might he keep his oath and break it, seeing that the youth was the poorest man in all the land and yet was a churl's son, whom having married the princess would be dragged down from her high estate and could no more be accounted worthy to rule the fair land of England. So the earl sent for Goldborough and for Havelok and partly by hard knocks and partly by threats he forced them both to agree to his wish, and the twain were married by the archbishop of York, for the earl's castle was at Lincoln, nearby.

Then Havelok took his wife, who was as yet to him no wife save in name alone, for she despised her husband on account of what she esteemed his lowly birth, and the two journeyed northward and eastward to Grimsby, as the dwelling of Grimme was then called and as it is known to this very day. But Grimme was dead and his wife also, and only his five children were left to welcome Havelok and his queenly bride. Right kind was the greeting Grimme's children gave, and soon they had prepared a great feast in honor of the pair.

In the night as Goldborough lay awake, sorrowing after the manner of women, she saw that the room was bright, and that the light came from about the head of her husband, and she heard a voice bidding her sorrow not, for that Havelok was a king's son and heir, and that he and she should rule together over Denmark and England. Then she woke Havelok and told him what she had heard.

In the morning Havelok rose and called to him Grimme's three sons, Robert the Red, William Wendath and Hugh Raven, and asked them if they would go forth with him to Denmark, and they answered, "Ay," and got ready their boat, into which they stepped with Havelok and Goldborough. Arriving there they traveled through the land until they came to the castle of Ubbe, a Danish earl, who showed them hospitality and lodged them in the town near by in the house of a man named Bernard the Brown.

In the night the house was beset by sixty thieves, with whom Havelok and his three companions fought long and hardly until they had each killed a full score of robbers. Havelok however, was sorely wounded, which when Earl Ubbe saw he had him brought to his own castle, where his own leech might attend him. And as Havelok lay that night suffering bitter pain Earl Ubbe came into his room, and saw, as other had seen, the bright light streaming round his head and the red cross on his shoulder, and he saw, moreover, that never were two peas like to one another than the stranger to the dead King Kirkabeen. Then Ubbe fell at Havelok's feet and paid him fealty, for he knew him what he was. And in the morning Ubbe sent messengers far and wide, and summoned all the knights and all the barons to come and bow the knee to King Havelok. This all men who heard the summons were glad to do, for they wearied of the heavy burdens laid upon them by the false King Goddard. But some, being men of evil ways, clung to Goddard, so that the people were divided into two parts, and when the right time came Havelok led his army against Goddard and his men and made them flee. But with his own hand Havelok took the slayer of his sister and gave him over to his barons, that they might judge him. Nor of great length was the debate; but Goddard was hung, and that speedily.

So for a time Havelok abode with his people and ruled over them wisely, and of the three sons of Grimme he made three earls, and gave them lands and cattle and horses and gold, and all men did them honor.

It came about at length that Goldborough reminded her husband of the voice she had heard in the night when she first knew Havelok for the king that he was, and how it had told her he was to rule over England as well as Denmark. So Havelok made ready the warships, and taking with him his knights he crossed the sea and landed at Grimsby. Here he first had built a priory of Black Friars over the grave of Grimme, and then he set forth to do battle with Earl Godrich, who was already coming to meet him with his army. And hard by Grimbsy was a great fight fought and Havelok won, while Earl Godrich and his men were put to flight. Afterward, however, he was taken and slain; and when the English knew who Goldborough was and saw how valiant was her husband they acknowledged him for their king and her for their queen, so that over two great peoples Havelok reigned. Over Denmark he set Earl Ubbe, while he himself abode in England.

So for sixty years did Havelok and Goldborough reign in England, and were just and even in their judgment. Great love had each for the other, and this love grew and never lessened till on the same day they died and in the same grave were buried. Sixteen sons and daughters had they, among whom, when they died, they divided the two kingdoms. And this is the story told, in short, of Havelok the Dane.—Horace Townsend in Montreal Star.

Paper Tool Handles.

An engineer of Manchester, Eng., is introducing a novelty in paper, viz., paper file hafts and tool handles, which are said to be practically indestructible, and much cheaper than wood or malleable iron hafts. Placed under a steam hammer, although they can be flattened, they cannot be split or cracked.—Philadelphia Record.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times says the mercury in a thermometer placed five feet from the blowhole of one of the Bridgeport furnaces rose to the full length of the dial—100 degs. The men suffered intensely in catching the molten lead. None of the cases, however, resulted seriously, and after a liberal sprinkling with water the victims were soon able to return to work.

UNDER A SPUTTERING LAMP.

It Needs No Shining Moon When Real Romance Is in Question.

There was something the matter with the big electric lamp on top of the high pole at the corner. It kept sputtering and hissing its discontent with whatever ailed it, and now and again it shut off its rays entirely, save for a dull red glow that made ugly shadows beyond the house stoops and awnings.

"Faith!" exclaimed Mrs. Flanagan, "phwat bedivilment is it I dunno in the light th' night. It's been aisy enough now for a week. I'hwy don't it burn or shut up an' be done wid it?"

"A little light's better'n none. Mrs. Flanagan, on such a night," replied Kate, "when the moon must be wearin' her eyes out lukin' for the earth, the clouds be so heavy."

"Ay, ay," assented the elder woman, "that's like ye; yous'd be findin' some good in it if bo' the sun an' the moon should get lost altogether an' niver show us their faces again, so ye would."

Kate laughed and looked tenderly down at the wee face resting on her arm. They were sitting on the steps getting what cool their might be in the late hours of the evening. The narrow street lined with upturned drays and trucks and scattered over with refuse was silent save for the low rumbling of the machines in the bakery opposite, where white capped Germans were making bread for the city.

"It's a hard time ye're havin' since the mother died, Kate," said Mrs. Flanagan, dropping the bantering tone with which she had scored the sputtering lamp.

"Hard ye may say, Mrs. Flanagan," responded Kate, with trembling lip, "but sure it's much harder for the children to be without her when they need a mother most," and she rose to put the baby in bed, hoping that sleep had become so sound that the hot, close air of the tenement would not again rouse her before morning.

"Ay, ay," muttered Mrs. Flanagan, "always a workin' an' thinkin' for somebody else, an' divil a bit of comfort to be takin' for herself," and she, too, rose to seek the black room up three flights of stairs where she slept.

When Kate came down a few minutes later and found the steps deserted she sat with her face in her hands, trying to banish her thoughts in listening to the dull sounds from the bakery. Presently the trap door to the stairs leading down to the underground workshop opened, and a young man with a white apron and flour-stained clothes peered anxiously across the street. He crossed over and sat below Kate on the steps.

"It vas oful varn zu nacht, Katie," he said, laying his cap beside him.

"Yes, Karl," she replied; "it must be terrible in there by the ovens."

"So it vas," assented Karl, "but of dot I tink not. I vas tinkin' of you, Katie."

"Me!" she exclaimed in mock derision; "faith, haven't ye enough to think of with yourself, what with your dough and your yeast and your long shovels for reaching after the bread?"

"Nein, Katie!" responded Karl, with the equanimity of a man whose mind is set upon a definite policy; "no; dere's something more, more as all dot. It vas you, Katie, all of it. You know me, Katie, a good many years, already. Vat you tinks?"

The lamp at the corner sputtered furiously, shook its flame angrily and went out.

"Karl," began Kate tremulously, as she rose to her feet.

"Yah, Katie, I lofe you a long time already. I haf my pay to-night raiset. I tink you lofe me, Katie; better as dot, I know it!"

Karl had risen and they stood close together. The lamp at the corner drowned in a vigorous hiss whatever happened between Kate and Karl's lips, and when in the next instant the street was aglow with light a young man was plodding across the way to look after his dough and a young woman was making her way upstairs with a lighter heart than she had ever known.—New York Sun.

The Traditional Bootblack Vanishing.

One of the features of life in New York city that is rapidly disappearing, if not already practically extinct, is the grimy little bootblack of former times. This ragged waif, who has furnished the theme for so many songs and stories, comic and pathetic, is a rare figure on the streets of New York nowadays. Like so many other picturesque things of the past he has been swept away by the on rolling wave of civilization. He is one of the innumerable victims of the prevailing tendency to trusts and "combines." His little nail studded box, slung over the shoulder by a strap, with its contents of blacking box, two or three well worn brushes, and the bit of carpet to kneel on, is fast becoming a memory only.

It has been succeeded by the chair perched on a high goods box, with the soft cushion for the customer and the iron foot rests, that occupy nearly every corner down town. A lusty Italian presides over the chair and is the commonplace successor of the bootblack of old times. The latter was accustomed to wander over the city, free as the air, catching a "shine" wherever he found one.—New York Tribune.

Expensive "Moving."

A driver told of one trip he took that lasted two weeks, and yet the town from which the goods were moved was not half as far away as Bridgeport, Conn. The house in question had been owned by a very wealthy man, a collector of various costly articles, from coins to Sevres vases. After his death the goods were sold in this city, and the driver who told the story had charge of the moving. There were several loads, but the main expense came in the packing. Most of the furniture had to be carefully burlapped, and nearly all the objects in the collection had to be packed separately and with the utmost care. The vans came to New York by highway, and the bill for moving was upward of $700. There was no swindle about it. The men employed to pack were experts, and they earned $4 a day.—New York Sun.

A Perpetual Fire.

In the Peninsula of Abeheron, in the Province of Schirwan, formerly belonging to Persia, but now a part of Russia, there is found a perpetual, or, what the natives call, an eternal fire, which is known to have been burning over 2,000 years. It rises with a constant flame from an irregular orifice of about 12 feet in depth and 120 feet in width. The flame rises to a height of 6 or 8 feet, unattended with smoke or disagreeable smell, waving back and forth with the wind, like a field of golden grain.—St. Louis Republic.

Cork oaks have been transplanted to California, where their raising promises to become an important industry. They produce there a cork of excellent quality. At present, however, practically all the cork used in America is imported from the Old World, where there are about three million and a half acres of cork oak forests producing profitable crops.

Precocity.

Two scions of a well known Detroit house were recently locked up in a room by way of punishment. In their eagerness to escape they adopted heroic measures. Piling dresses, bonnets and bed clothes in the middle of the floor, they started a bonfire that brought out the fire department and gave it plenty of work, too. The little rascals went to bed that night as warm as though they had not escaped from the burning room.—Detroit News.

Handy Lamp Shade.

If you have a common lamp on your desk you can make a cheap shade for it by bending a piece of wire half way around the brass beneath the wick screw, leaving the other end long enough to bend up straight a little clear of the globe; on this end fasten a piece of pasteboard by running the wire through two holes in it, like a stitch.—Cor. Writer.

A Practical Believer.

Troubled Housekeeper—What can we do to keep our servants?

Fair Reformer—Do you not believe in the higher education of women?

T. H.—Certainly. I pay the best wages because I do believe in the hire education of women.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

ART IN PIANO MAKING.

SIX YEARS ARE NECESSARY FOR PERFECT CONSTRUCTION.

Great Care in All Stages of Manufacture Is of Vital Importance—Exquisite Skill Is an Absolute Qualification in Every Workman.

Few people are aware of the amount of time and labor required to produce a piano. From the time the first log is sawed in the forest until the finishing touches and final overhauling are given to the completed piano from four to six years must pass. That is, every piano turned out from the factory or store today was begun four or five years ago, and ever since that time has been going through the various stages of preparation and construction. One of the large manufacturers, when asked by a reporter as to the process of construction, cheerfully gave the desired information, at the same time leading the way through the manufactory.

"This is in reality the second factory," said he, "for all the material comes here in a partially completed state. In the first place an experienced lumberman is employed by every manufacturer to select the logs and see that the grains of the different woods are straight and true. After these have been sawed the lumber is piled under weather proof sheds, where it remains from three to five years, according to thickness, until it has become thoroughly air dried.

POLISHING THE WOOD.

"When the case has been cut out in the Massachusetts factory it is shipped here and comes first into the varnishing department, where it remains from three to four months in order that the pores of the wood may be thoroughly filled. That is really the secret of the fine polish on a finished piano. While this is progressing in the varnishing room other and important work is being done on the interior of the piano. The sounding board, which is also seasoned and tested in the first factory, is again thoroughly tested here.

"Every grain of wood and every joint is thoroughly investigated before it is put into the case. Here the skill of the piano maker begins, and only the most careful and competent workmen are intrusted with the responsibity of this department. Numerous mechanical and scientific arrangements are necessary to obtain satisfactory results with the sounding boards.

"Then the actions, keys and levers are attended to in another room. These portions of the piano are of the most vital importance, as it is upon the exact adjustment of the many levers and center points that the power and delicacy of the touch depends. Unless great care and attention is bestowed upon the details in this department the piano must prove a failure. The next stage reached is where the hammer, keys and actions are placed in their proper positions in the frame, when the piano first gives forth sound as a musical instrument.

"The principal object sought here is a powerful blow of the hammer upon the strings, to be produced by a light touch of the performer. The workmen in this department must have skill and experience, for the delicate and costly materials and mechanisms they handle and place in proper working positions make this branch one of great trust.

MANY DEPARTMENTS.

"In still another department the carvers are at work chiseling out legs and other ornamental portions of the piano. These, too, have to go through a course of sprouts in the varnish room. After the keys, levers, hammers, sounding board and case have been properly put together the piano goes to the fly finishing department, where all those parts which have been finished separately are placed in their respective positions; that is, the top, lock board, legs, pedals and music rack are here adjusted.

"Now that the piano has been put together it remains in the fly finishing department from three to five weeks, and receives a preparatory course of tuning before going into the hands of the action and tone regulators. These first tunings are of great importance, and on them much of the future excellence of the piano depends.

"Then the instrument goes to the tone regulating department, probably the most important branch of all. Failure here is fatal, and must result disastrously as far as the production of a true musical instrument is concerned. Here the mechanical rules which have guided all previous departments take a back seat, and the highly trained ear and musical skill of the artist take the lead. All sound is conveyed to our sense of hearing by means of vibration running in waves through the air.

"The tone regulator must thoroughly understand the laws which govern the production of sound and tone. Uneven and irregular vibrations produce false and discordant tones. On the other hand, even and regular vibrations produce sweetness of tone and harmony. It is of vital importance to the piano manufacturer to understand the laws which govern the production of the false as well as the true tones. It is in this department that the quality of the piano is determined.

"Of course you think this is the finishing point, but it isn't. Before it goes to the warerooms the piano goes into the hands of workmen of the very highest grade, who minutely examine every portion of the instrument. Every string and hammer, every center lever and spring, every screw and pin must undergo a rigid inspection, and not until these have been ascertained to be adjusted properly and the instrument is found to be in perfect condition is it passed over to receive its final polish and be placed in the ware room."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Eve Was a Crank.

Cranks are sometimes like the sharp pieces of glass that stand up viciously on an orchard wall to keep the greedy boys out, or like the cyclone that sweeps over the plain and annihilates a handful of humanity here and there; but after all the one saves the boys' stomachs untold gripings, the other drives the germs of disease before it and carries purity into life. The great reformers were such cranks.

History is but a biographical memoir of a series of distinguished cranks from Eve's time to the present day. Eve was a crank of supreme eminence. Adam was a mistake. Though he is mentioned in history it is as an ignoble tattler, and he belongs to the class of bores without vertebræ.—Therese M. Randall in Kate Field's Washington.

There are in St. Petersburg 738 benevolent institutions, upon which the city spends yearly 7,600,000 rubles. The maintenance of hospitals and infirmaries costs 2,500,000; poor houses, 1,150,600; asylums for children, 3,224,200; schools, 1,127,000; kitchens for the poor, 47,000; work houses, 12,000, and lodging houses, 7,000 rubles. The sinking funds of all these institutions, besides their respective possession of real estate, are estimated at 60,500,000 rubles.

The average life of a rabbit is put at about nine years. The doe may have young eight times a year, averaging eight each time. The first litter is produced when but four months old. The progressions based on these figures lead to astonishing results. For three years the possible progeny of two rabbits has been calculated at over 13,000,000, and for seven years at 1,500,000,000.

A Florist's Complaint.

"The business looks pretty and smells sweet, but it is a hard one to run," said a Harlem florist to a friend who praised the bunches of gladiolus, tuberoses and other autumn flowers that filled his windows, and who added, by way of a moral, that it was a much pleasanter way of making a living than selling beefsteak or dishing up dry goods. Thus the florist took up his parable again and continued: "It is the cash that makes the trouble. Chance buyers and people who live in flats pay ready money for all they have, but those who own their houses want unlimited credit. One spring I made over a hundred gardens for rich men in this city and set plants out for them. Their families went to the country, and I have not been able to collect my bill from one in ten.

"As for weddings, there was one wealthy man in this street who filled his house with flowers when his daughter was married, and wanted everything of the best. The bride stood under a bell of camellias, and roses were banked up everywhere, regardless of expense, but when I presented my bill at the end of six months he ordered me out of the house for my presumption. It is nearly a year since I filled the order, and I expect there'll be a birth and a funeral in the house before I get my money. That is what makes me tired of flowers, and I am thinking of selling out and going into something not quite so pretty—stoves, for instance." Then the florist, who had snapped a five cent rose off its stem in his wrath, fastened it on with a bit of wire, making it look as good as new, and sold it to an unsuspicious dude for a quarter.—New York Sun.

A Benevolent Singer.

The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons one day observed a poor woman, with her four children, begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Bellour, where, placing himself in a corner with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favorite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd round; the idea of some mystery stimulated the bystanders, and five franc pieces fell in showers into the hat.

When the singer, who had thus in the goodness of his heart transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening when he appeared on the stage shouts of applause from all parts of the house proved that a good action is never thrown away.—New York Ledger.

Addresses of Correspondents.

Whoever has lost a valuable hour or two in hunting for old letters in order to find a necessary address which a correspondent has carelessly neglected to give, and has not lost his temper, is gifted with a rare degree of patience. In these busy days no person has a moral right to levy upon the time of another by writing a letter upon a sheet which does not contain the printed address of the writer. When people appreciate this truth it will be a sure sign of the dawning of the millennium.

Until then we must endure the evil with the best grace possible, and devise such means of individual relief as we can. I find much assistance in an indexed blank book. As soon as I read a letter containing an address down goes the address into my book, and though my correspondent writes me a dozen times and never again gives me his address he cannot compel me to waste my time going over files of old letters. The same is true of all addresses which I desire to preserve for future reference. No consideration would induce me to dispense with this—to me—necessity.—Cor. Writer.

The Indians of Canada.

Canada appears to have practically solved the Indian question. Instead of that "disappearance before the advance of the white man" which some theorists find it convenient to represent as inevitable, they increase in number in the eastern provinces, while even in the far northwest they show a tendency to adopt the methods of civilization. A striking token of progress is the fact that 2,000 more children are at this time in the Indian schools in Manitoba and the territories than were receiving instructions in 1881, and the number is stated to be increasing. The effect of this increasing contact with civilizing influences is shown in the improvement in their dwellings, the gradual abandonment of many of the old heathen celebrations, such as the "Sun Dance," etc., and the increasing number who stay on the reserves and endeavor to get something out of their land.—Chicago Herald.

Nothing Lost.

In a village in Normandy a peasant called at the chemist's, purchased a certain drug and went away. The assistant took up the coin which the customer had left on the counter and found that, instead of two francs, the price of the bottle, he had left only a piece of two sous. He quickly reported this act of robbery to his employer, who, after a moment's reflection, answered: "Bah! We don't make a profit on the transaction; still we don't lose by it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Owner of Youth's Companion.

Daniel S. Lord is the Perry Mason & Co. (the nominal proprietors) of the Youth's Companion. He bought it some thirty years ago, after it had been in existence about thirty-three years, for five or six thousand dollars, when it had only a few thousand circulation. It now has an immense circulation, close upon 500,000. His income is reported to be not far from $200,000, one-half of which he distributes in charity. A business reason for adopting the name of Perry Mason & Co. is that there may be no change in the proprietorship in case of the real owner's death or retirement.—Writer.

Forgetting His Loss.

It is not unusual for people who have lost the use of a sense or of a member to talk, more or less unconsciously, as if they still possessed it. Not long ago a gentleman in the west, who had been totally blind for many years, but who manages to travel about notwithstanding his affliction, wrote to a friend in New York:

"I am going to New York this summer to see how the world wags, and I hope to see you while I am there."—Youth's Companion.

A Surprise.

Wife (to husband who had been absent during the night)—I am ever so glad you left your pistol with me, darling. A burglar was here last night and I surprised him.

Husband—You brave little woman! Did you shoot it at him?

"No, I threw it at him."—Detroit Free Press.

A writer upon birds says that in the fields and groves are many old maids and bachelors who apparently never had any inducement to marry. There is no doubt that the rivalry in bird courtship is extremely keen, and the choice is a deliberate one.

SONNET.

Tell me, O Time, the utmost of thine art,
Thy wondrous healing art that men so praise;
For which no feat too hard is but to raise
The dead once more and lost life reimpart.
Men say that thou canst ease the burdened heart,
And bring new dower of light to darksome days,
And new companionships to lonely ways,
New joys whose charm holds back the tears that start.

Hast thou no cup save cold Lethean draught,
Which blots the past when I its virtues drain?
Give me the wine of love that once I quaffed!
Tho' but in dream I'll drink it once again.
No comfort may I find in all thy craft
If death of love alone can heal love's pain.

—New York Independent.

Changes in Small Arms.

In 1779 was published in America the volume of Baron Steuben's tactics, which contains the manual of arms for our revolutionary army. The musket was then a flintlock muzzle loader, with single ball or ball and buckshot, effective at about 100 yards, with a recoil as dangerous to the soldier as to the object aimed at. For firing and loading the commands were, the musket being loaded and at shoulder, "Poise firelock. Cock firelock. Take aim. Fire." "Half cock firelock. Handle cartridge; prime, shut pan; charge with cartridge; draw rammer; ram down cartridge; return rammer; shoulder firelock."

Up to 1840 we had the same old flint lock, smooth bore musket, with paper cartridges, and loaded by twelve commands: "Load; open pan; handle cartridge; tear cartridge; prime; shut pan; cast about; charge cartridge; draw ramrod; ram cartridge; return ramrod; shoulder arms."

About 1845 the percussion cap, previously used by sportsmen, was adapted to the smooth bore muzzle loader, and it was loaded in "ten times," or motions, gradually reduced to four motions, and finally to one, "Load at will."

Now, in 1890, every recruit knows that he can load his rifle and fire it from five to twenty times a minute, thereby exhausting his supply of sixty rounds in a few minutes, whereas as late as our civil war forty rounds in the cartridge box and twenty in the haversack were a full allowance for a day's fighting.—Gen. Sherman in North American Review.

The Influence of the Crank.

The genuine crank is a boon to any community. New England, being the native home of American intellect, is the nursery where the species is reared most successfully. Let the thoughtless scoffers of society laugh, the crank can afford neither to notice nor to mind. He, at least, is in earnest, and has something besides vain words to bring forth when he talks. He may be like one of those disagreeable ruts in the road that shake you up so painfully, or like the nettle that stings your hesitating fingers, but he never resembles the indistinct grain of dust blown hither and thither along the way, or the trembling blade of grass that grows up only to be cut down by the scythe.

He may stick pins in your inflated vanity, he may look at your diminishing proportions through the small end of a pocket telescope, he may prod you and punch you without regard for your weaknesses or well veiled deformities, but he is your benefactor for all that. He makes you ashamed first, and then brings you out, forces you to grow. You uproot and cast aside the weeds that sap the nourishment from the soil of your wit, which, if it be a healthy plant, is to that extent benefited by the existence of the crank.—Kate Field's Washington.

Puritanic Horror of Kissing.

Many ridiculous anecdotes are told to illustrate Puritanic horror of this pleasant and natural salute—one of Rev. Brown, an English divine, who was known as the author of a Biblical Concordance. He courted his wife seven years before he asked if he might kiss her. "Just as you please," she answered demurely. "Let us first ask a blessing," he said, after which he kissed her.

"Why, it's good!" he exclaimed. "Let us return thanks." They were married in a few weeks.

That brings to my mind the saying of a young woman concerning a suitor whom she had rejected. In summing up his qualities she said: "He was good looking, he was educated, he was devoted, he sent me flowers—I always thought I'd love a man who sent me flowers—but," she concluded in a tone of disdain, "he hadn't sense enough to kiss me when he had a chance!"—Kate Kauffman in Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Characteristics of the American.

The American citizen is not content to exist as a mere animal. Physical well being does not limit his desire or aspiration. He is especially solicitous for the welfare and advancement of his children, and freely depletes a limited income in their education and training for a career in life, often upon other than ancestral lines. This tendency may become excessive, and is already to some extent creating a distaste for useful industry and a desire for conspicuous position, for accumulation without labor and speculative rather than productive occupation. Thus the average American lives upon a high plane, exciting the envy and emulation of people of other countries and inducing extraordinary immigration.—New York Commercial Ad

Copyright, 1889.

JEWELS AND LACES.

"Oh, girl with the jewelled fingers,
Oh, girl with the laces rare!"

What are your jewels and what are your laces worth to you if, from undergoing the trying ordeals which fashionable society imposes on its devotees, enough to test the physical strength and endurance of the most robust, you break down, lose your health and become a physical wreck, as thousands do from such causes?

Under such circumstances you would willingly give all your jewels and all your laces to regain lost health. This you can do if you will but resort to the use of that great restorative known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of grateful women bless the day it was made known to them.

For all derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the *only* remedy, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

An invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

ABOUT PRINTING.

WE desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Job Department of the "Bucks County Gazette" is better equipped than any printing office in Bristol, or in the lower end of the county, in all material that is needed to produce excellent printing.

It contains the largest assortment of type, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four different sizes of presses, of the best makes, which perform the work in the best manner, and print with rapidity.

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cardboard and cut cards is large and varied, and the whole is under the personal and direct supervision of Geo. R. Sherman, an experienced and practical workman.

Special attention is given to printing of sale bills. Work of this character we make a point of getting done on the same day that it is ordered. Visiting and business cards, envelopes, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, posters, letter and bill-heads, books, pamphlets and all other printing done promptly and correctly. Mourning stationery kept constantly on hand.

Printing in Colors a Specialty.

Presses Run by Steam Power.

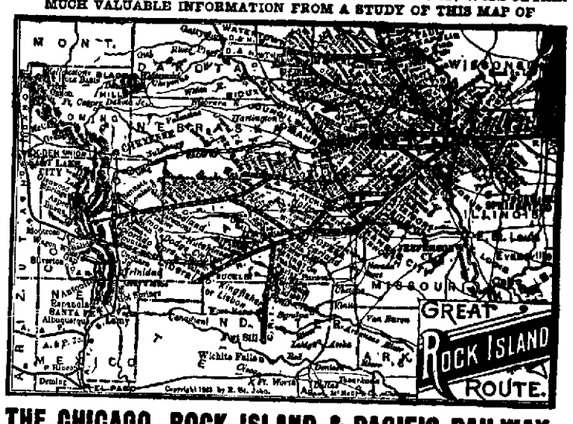
Full Count on all Jobs Guaranteed.

Prices the Lowest. Liberal discounts given on large orders. We do more Printing and have better facilities than the other offices in Bristol combined, and consequently we have the trade, and are determined to keep it. Give the office a call and be convinced.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,
Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. of Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Columbus, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

Near Philadelphia. School Opens Sept. 18th. Yearly Expense, $500. Four Payments, $125.

MEDIA ACADEMY

Admits and classifies young men and boys at any time; fits them for Business, any College, Polytechnic School, for West Point or Annapolis. Graduating classes. One of the best-equipped and best

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞ No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1890.

Republican State Nominations.

GOVERNOR:
GEORGE W. DELAMATER, Crawford.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
LOUIS A. WATRES, Lackawanna.

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
THOMAS J. STEWART, Montgomery.

CONGRESS, SEVENTH DISTRICT
IRVING P. WANGER, Montgomery.

COUNTY TICKET:

SENATOR,
A. S. Cadwallader, Lower Makefield.

ASSEMBLY,
David H. Derstine, West Rockhill
Amos Corson, Buckingham.
Edward Ivins, Northampton.

SHERIFF,
Irvin Aaron, Doylestown,

REGISTER,
Charles Saxton, Bristol Borough.

RECORDER,
Moses H. Rice, Hilltown.

CLERK OF QUARTER SESSIONS,
Charles F. Schalinger, Bridgeton

CLERK OF ORPHANS' COURT,
Fred. M. Crouse, Durham.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
Samuel M. Bishop, Perkasie
George L. Mahan, Newtown township.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
William Wise, Falls.

AUDITORS,
Isaac S. Shelley, Quakertown.
Samuel C. Eastburn, Middletown

THE ROBBER TARIFF

The "Robber Tariff" got here on Monday. The new duties on foreign importations went into effect that day. For weeks previously the importers were bringing into this country all the goods their capital and credit could buy. The importations were never so large. Now they will be less It will take some time to get the importations at the low rates out of the market, but after that is done then the flood-tide of success will advance over the whole country. The farmer will not have to contend with the importation of foreign wools, and the manufacturer will have no products of underpaid labor to confront him. The workingman will have steady employment at better rates than are paid elsewhere in the whole world, and if prosperity will bring happiness then the people of the United States will be the happiest people on earth. Bristol will be especially indebted to the workings of the "Robber Tariff." Bristol is a manufacturing town. Its prosperity depends upon its factories. It has no other source from whence to draw its sustenance. With the factories shut down, it would not take a very vivid imagination to picture the result. A dead town, empty houses, absence of all enterprise, and a general appearance of decay would be sure to follow. But the "Robber Tariff" steps in, and lo, all is changed. Idle mills resume, vacant houses are occupied, employment is furnished to willing workers, and an air of thrift and prosperity pervades. The farmers feel the effects of the prosperity of the town. They find a steady and growing market for their products, and the home market, the best market in the world, furnishes a steady demand for the products of the soil, and the "Robber Tariff" is found to be just what is needed. It has come to stay.

***

IF THE coming tin plate industry follows the example set by manufacturers in this country, it will give employment to a large number of men, and, although well protected from foreign competition, reduce the price eventually from what is now paid for the manufactured article. A $7,000,000 company has already been formed to build a tin-plate mill at Baltimore, and a $1,500,000 one to build a tin-plate mill near Pittsburgh. And, so we go. The McKinley bill has already given an impetus to trade that dragged as long as Democracy could keep on the brakes.

***

THE new tariff bill passed by Republicans, and opposed by Democrats, is already proving to be a most beneficent measure. Especially in the manufacturing towns in this section of the country will its good effects become quickly apparent. One of the big manufacturing enterprises aided by the McKinley Bill is the George Bullock Mills, at Conshocken, which was closed because its production was interfered with by the importations from foreign countries. It will soon resume operations, giving employment to six hundred persons who have been idle for a year and a half.

***

THE wholesale trade of New York and Philadelphia has been immense during the past two months, the merchants throughout the country having made among the largest purchases known to the history of the trade. This indicates that there is more business prosperity throughout the country than the grumblers would have us believe.

***

LANCASTER county and a place in New Jersey each claim to have a minister who preaches in his sleep; or sleeps while he preaches, just as you care to put it. This kind of a preacher ought to relieve to some extent the congregation from snoozing during sermons and we hope it will.

THE TEMPTATION OF MAJOR SINGERLY.

The columns of the Philadelphia Record, one of the ablest and honestest of our free trade contemporaries, do not yet show any sign of the struggle that is going on in the soul of its estimable proprietor. The latest numbers of the Record at hand still describe the McKinley high tariff as a measure that gives "a better opportunity to plunder consumers." They still arraign the protected American manufacturers as an "insolent plutocracy, with corrupt tools." "How fitting," remarked the Record yesterday, "that McKinley's home town should have the fine Chinese name of Canton!"

Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that underneath this brave exterior a terrible conflict is in progress in Major Singerly's soul between those ancient enemies and ever-antagonistic motives of human action, principle and profit.

Major Singerly of the Record is a member of a syndicate which, in the case of a less conspicuous and active scourger of selfish monopolies and unhallowed combinations of capitalists, we should hardly hesitate to call a trust. Taking advantage of the depressed condition of a certain American industry, the Singerly syndicate bought last year at a very low price the worsted and woollen mill at Conshohocken known as Bullock's Mill No. 2. This mill manufactured worsted and woollen goods of the class known as diagonals; and in past years it has had many Government orders for dark blue cloth to be used in military uniforms. The prosperity of the establishment was demolished by the large importations of foreign worsteds and woollens. Its market was spoiled by European competition, its machinery became idle more than a year ago, and its hundreds of workmen scattered into idleness. Under these circumstances Major Singerly and his partners bought the mill for a song.

Concerning the purchase, Major Singerly is reported in the Philadelphia Press as saying, in reply to a question about the prospects of resuming work under the protection of a greatly increased duty on foreign woollens and worsteds: "I cannot say what we will do, because we have not reached any decision. The only thing I can tell you is that we have bought property worth over $150,000 for $65,000."

The whole problem presented to this generous but perplexed friend of the consumer is comprehended in the simple statement quoted above. Major Singerly has not yet reached any decision because principle and profit are still wrestling within him for supremacy. He and his associate capitalists have bought an extensive plant for a little more than one-third of its value. That other Major, the abhorred McKinley of the Chinese town of Canton, has come along at an opportune moment and raised the duty on foreign woollen and worsted cloths of high grade from ten cents a pound and thirty-five per cent. ad valorem to forty-four cents a pound and fifty per cent. ad valorem. The foreign competitor of Bullock's Mill No. 2 is barred out of the American market. Major Singerly has only to start the wheels that spin out money fast.

On this point the testimony of the superintendent of the Conshohocken mill is conclusive. "Since the passage of the McKinley bill," says Superintendent Moyer. "I can see no reason why the mill should not be run profitably. You may say that the property was sold cheap. Well, it was; but the new tariff bill made all the difference between a good bargain and a bad bargain. If the bill had not passed, the purchasers would have had a white elephant on their hands. Now it will be possible to start the mill and give employment to the hundreds who sadly need it."

It will be possible to start the mill and make money, but will Major Singerly give the word that sets the wheels in motion? The dilemma that confronts his conscience is of a peculiarly distressing character. The dollars are in sight for him and his employees, and Major Singerly, noble and unselfish as is his political economy, has never scorned the dross. It enables him to do good by publishing a free trade newspaper to educate the consumer and baffle the designs of the greedy producer. Selfish interest urges him on, and Schedule K of the McKinley Tariff smiles a seductive invitation. But there stands principle in the way, warning him back with palm uplifted and outward, and saying, "No, Major, no!"

No wonder he has not reached a decision. Shall Major Singerly of the Philadelphia Record become also a robber baron, feeding upon the taxes levied on the helpless consumer, in whose behalf he has so often raised a spirited protest? Shall he join the ranks of the insolent plutocracy and fatten under the protection afforded to him by an iniquitous tariff? Shall he put himself in such a position that he can never look upon his well-filled pocketbook without thinking of what he owes to Major McKinley of the Chinese-sounding town of Canton, Ohio?

Such is the temptation and such is the dilemma; and the grim humor of destiny has so arranged matters that the temptation comes to Major Singerly's tortured soul in the awful shape of wool. Of all products, animal, vegetable, or mineral, that are embraced in the teeming schedules of the new Tariff act, why should the intimate concern of the mill which Major Singerly has bought at a bargain, and which he can now operate at a handsome profit, be with woollens and worsteds, of which he has spoken so frequently and strenuously in his discussions of the tariff question? If fate was forced to decree that Major Singerly of the Phila. Record should become the beneficiary of Major McKinley's wicked policy, why should it stuff wool, of all things, into his reluctant bank account?

The one and only course open to Major Singerly which stern principle can approve is to start up the Conshohocken mill and sell its manufactured products to the consumer at just such prices as would obtain if there were no McKinley tariff, but on the contrary free trade in woollens and worsteds and an open market to his foreign competitors. Will that be the Major's decision? The country waits. —N. Y. Sun.

Our Hannah Jane.

Our Hannah Jane was thin and weak,
And ashy white her lip and cheek,
We often thought—and thought with pain,
"We soon must lose our Hannah Jane."
With change of doctors, change of air,
She sought for healing everywhere.
And, when our hopes were almost past,
"Favorite Prescription" tried at last.
It gave us joy, it gave us hope,
She ceased to pine, she ceased to mope,
[Pierce's remedies are sure and true]
Now Hannah Jane is good as new.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels and system generally. One a dose; purely vegetable.

—The will of Mrs. Elizabeth Drexel Smith, the wife of Walter George Smith, was admitted to probate on Monday. She died worth $5,000,000, nearly all of which she leaves to her husband who when he married her two years ago was a poor and almost unknown lawyer.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver and also a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. Daniel Defoe was a hosier and a son of a butcher. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler. Milton was the son of a money-scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayshire.

PEACE NOT YET DECLARED.—As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of No 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia. will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 9, 12 and 15c gilts.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Price 50c, and $1.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

The Northern Pacific Railroad passing through Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington was the first line to bring the region occupied by these states into communication with the east. Its main line and branches penetrate all sections of these states, reaching nine-tenths of the chief cities. It is the short line to Helene and Butte, Mont., Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., and the only line running through train service from the east through the states of Montana and Washington. Pullman Sleepers and furnished Tourist Sleeping Cars are run via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific, from Chicago through to the Pacific Coast without change. This is the Dining Car and Yellowstone Park route.

The large travel on the Northern Pacific line necessitated the inauguration in June 1890, of a second through train to the Pacific Coast, thus enabling this road to offer the public the advantage of two through trains daily to Montana and points in the Pacific Northwest, carrying complete service of sleeping cars, dining cars and regular day coaches. The train leaving St. Paul in the morning runs via the recently completed Air Line of the Northern Pacific through Butte, Mont., making this the shortest line to the latter point by 120 miles.

Colonists for Washington, Oregon and British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific, as by this line only, can all portions of the state of Washington be seen. Stop-overs are allowed on second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, enabling settlers to inspect the country without extra expense.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

—The Press congratulates Conshohocken and the proprietor of the Philadelphia Record on the proposed resumption of work of the Bullock Woolen Mills under the stimulus and encouragement offered by the tariff act of 1890. The editor says "We have no doubt, however, that the Record will continue to denounce protection and demand the repeal of the duties on worsted and woolens so long as there is not the least danger of its advice being heeded in the smallest degree."

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Oct. 6, 1890.

Bordered stuffs were never handsomer—nor more audacious. Velvet plays a leading part in the prettying—bars, blocks, up and down stripes of Velvet and Bourette effects alternating and many other dainty designs.

But Astrakhan Borders are thickest. One of the oddest and most charming has a band of Astrakhan with a broad border of lighter colored Silk above, giving the effect of drooping plumes. On this big polka dots of Astrakhan are scattered.

Southwest of centre.

Cold wave time, and here's the "Cold Wave" Blanket. All wool, 74x84 inches, 6 to 6½ lbs., and the price but $5.

Near Women's Waiting Room

BOOK NEWS for October (60 pages) is ready with a plate-paper portrait of the late John Boyle O'Reilly and nine illustrations chosen from leading books of the month.

In these busy times one cannot read all the good books that are published nor even all one would like to read. We must pick and choose. There are some among the best of us who can read but few out of the many, but we would like to know something of what others are reading, and we cannot spend time to look over piles of books and find out just what is best for our particular case; some one must fill us. This very want of ours has been anticipated, and the magazine called BOOK NEWS * * * is just the friend you want. It comes every month, and tells you all about the new books, gives you pictures from some of them, always has a bit of poetry, and a portrait of some writer in whom you are interested, and in addition short reviews of the more conspicuous among the latest publications. The 60 pages for a year and you will want it longer.—*Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle, Sept 13, 1890.*

That's it, that's BOOK NEWS, 5c a copy, 50c a year.

With Books, Thirteenth street entrance.

The imperial character of the Dress Goods stock makes it almost imperious in its command upon your attention. You may not pass it by if you have any care for a complete knowledge of the Dress Goods of the season or for possible economies. Let us tell you of two sorts.

Scotch Suitings.

Fifty kinds at a single counter; grand bold plaids, modest homespuns, neat checks, stylish overplaids, modish stripes. The charm of the Cheviots is universally felt, rarely understood. Perhaps you may explain it by the association of rough fabric with exquisite color At that point the dexterity is more Scotch than French.

You are almost staggered by the largeness of some styles and the strength of some colorings You doubt, perhaps. Take the benefit of the doubt until you and the dressmaker agree in the solution.

Honest stuffs they are, 50 inches wide, $1 50 to $2 50.

At Fifty cents. Unless you are a veritable skeptic, a Dry Goods Bear, you must be gladly surprised at the Woolen Stuffs at 50 cents.

Here are Clan Plaids, Mackenzie, Graham, Forty second, and all the rest, 36 inches wide, all-wool, twilled weave, a brilliant fresh lot at 50 cents. The style of double cost

Beside them another lot with all the same points of honesty, also plaids, plain weave with camel's hair thrown in, at 50c.

Beyond again, a lot of Homespun Cheviot Diagonals in brown and grays, weave, width and quality just like the clan plaids, also 50 cents.

It is pleasant to get these new products at little prices; moves the previous question, cuts off debate about many a lot of stuffs from last year or before. A used-to-be merchant holds on to old things.

Southeast of centre.

That $2 Sewing Machine.

Not so much of a toy as you think, perhaps Simple, strong, faster by four times, maybe, than finger work, a help as well as a play thing This lot is likely to be the last.

Basement north of centre.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

C. F. HERRMANN,
—DEALER IN—
FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.

Goods sold on Easy Payments.

UPHOLSTERING, FURNITURE REPAIRED

Radcliffe St., opposite B. F. Gilkeson's office, Bristol, Pa.

NOTICE!

The members of the

INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

are hereby requested to pay to EDWARD THOMAS, Treasurer, No. 1607 Summer st., Philadelphia, within 60 days from the date of this notice, Seventeen cents on each $100 insured by them respectively, to meet the liabilities of the Company.

The Treasurer will sit at the following times and places to receive the tax:

Monday, Oct. 13, Silbert's hotel, Bristol, 9 to 12.
" " Eddington store, 2 to 3.
" " Red Lion Hotel, 3-30 to 5.
Tuesday " 14, Johnson's hotel, Holmesburg, 9 to 3.
Wed'y. " 15, New hotel, Tacony, 9 to 12.
" " 15, Hafer's, Bridesburg, 2 to 4.
Thursd'y " 16, Seven Stars, Frankford, 9 to 3.
Friday " 17, Upper Hotel, Fox Chase, 9 to 3.
Saturday " 18, Clayton's, Branchtown, 9 to 12.
" " 18, Felton's store, Olney, 2 to 4.
Monday " 20, Sandiford store, 9 to 12.
" " 20, Upper Hotel, Bustleton, 2 to 4.
Wed'y, " 22, Hafer's hotel, Bridesb'g, 9 to 3.
Thursd'y " 23, Clayton's, Hunt'n Valley, 9 to 12.
" " 23, Dyer's, Somerton, 2 to 4.
Friday " 24, Stouts' Holmesburg, 9 to 3.
Saturday " 25, Flynn's hotel, Main above Green, Frankford, 9 to 3.

If not paid on or before Nov. 6, 1890, ten per cent. will be added and the policy suspended until paid.

All notices by postal cards and hand-bills shall be considered only as an act of courtesy and shall not establish a precedent. The Company does not hold itself responsible for the safe delivery of individual notices.

THOMAS SHALLCROSS, Sect.

September 6, 1890.

Miscellaneous

An Ordinance

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE ORDINANCE GRANTING LICENSES FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS IN THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, that from and after the passage of this ordinance, the ordinance, entitled An Ordinance for the granting of licenses to public exhibitions within the Borough of Bristol, and fixing the fee for the same, enacted into an ordinance by the Council of the Borough of Bristol, on the 25th day of May A D, 1874 shall be applicable in its provisions to all those shows, known as flying circuses or merry-go-rounds, and the license fee for the same shall be two dollars per day

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber, of Bristol Borough this 8th day of Sept, A. D., 1890.

WM. P WRIGHT, Burgess.

Attest—J WESLEY WRIGHT, Sec'y.

An Ordinance

TO REQUIRE THE PROPER TRIMMING OF TREES IN AND OVERHANGING THE PUBLIC THOROUGHFARES.

SEC 1 Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville, that upon the passage of this ordinance all property owners shall be required to properly trim and keep trimmed, to the heighth of ten feet from the top of the curb line, all trees in and overhanging the streets and thoroughfares of the Borough in front of and along their respective properties.

SEC. 2 Such work shall be done under the supervision and to the satisfaction of the Street committee.

SEC. 3 Any property owner or owners neglecting to comply with the provisions of this ordinance, within (1) one week after notification, shall be subject to a fine of five (5) dollars for each failure, and furthermore, it shall be the duty of the Street committee to immediately have such trees properly trimmed, and the costs thereof with twenty per cent. additional, and the above fine, shall be collected from said property owner or owners, according to the provisions of the Act of Assembly made and provided.

SEC. 4. All ordinances or parts of ordinances in any way or manner conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 17th day of September, A. D., 1890, by the Burgess and Town Council of Morrisville Borough.

CHARLES SINE, President.
CHAS. SINE, Burgess

Attest—ISAAC PARSONS, Sec'y.

An Ordinance

ESTABLISHING AND REGULATING THE GRADE AND WIDTH OF THE FOOTWALKS UPON BOTH SIDES OF PINE ST IN THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, AND PROVIDING THAT THE SAID FOOTWALKS SHALL BE GRADED.

Be it ordained and enacted by the authority of the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, as follows, to wit

SEC 1. That from and after the passage of this ordinance the curb line upon each side of Pine street shall be twelve feet distant from the respective sides of the said street.

SEC 2 That the grade of the said curb lines shall be in accordance with Plan No. 3 of the Surveys of Bristol Borough

SEC. 3 That the transverse grade of the said footwalks shall not exceed one half inch to the foot of rise from the curb line to the street line.

SEC. 4 That a space three feet in width from the street lines, from Buckley to Headley streets and four feet in width from the street lines from Headley street to Richard Corson's line, be reserved for the purpose of allowing the earth to be graded or terraced from the grade of the footwalks to the natural surface of the land at the street lines.

SEC. 5 That the work of properly grading the footwalks in accordance with the provisions of this ordinance be completed by the property owners upon the said Pine street within three months from and after the passage of this ordinance.

SEC 6. That after the expiration of three months from the passage of this ordinance all footwalks remaining ungraded shall be graded by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol and the cost of such grading collected from the owner or owners of the land in front of whose land the said grading shall be done, in accordance with the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber, of Bristol Borough this 8th day of Sept, A D., 1890.

WM P WRIGHT, Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Sec'y.

New Trans-Continental Route

VIA CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL AND NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROADS.

Through Pullman Sleeping Car leaves Chicago daily at 5 30 P. M.
For St. Paul and Minneapolis,
" Fargo, North Dakota,
" Helena and Butte, Montana,
" The Yellowstone Park,
" Spokane Falls and Tacoma,
" Portland, Oregon.

Best Route to Seattle and all North Pacific Coast points.

The Scenic line to California, via Portland and the Shasta Route.

Tickets on sale everywhere.

For information apply to any Agent, or address A. H. V. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent. Chicago, Ill.

BEST COAL
AT
Pioneer Coal Yard.
ESTABLISHED 1837

Best Grades of Lehigh

For family purposes delivered promptly by good carters.

WOOD, LIME, BRICK, SAND, ETC.

FAMILY FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

E. LEEDOM & SON,
25 Bath Street.

The MISSES CABEEN will reopen their School Wednesday, Sept. 24th, 1890.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine *Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,*
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts, BRISTOL, PA.
A first-class call-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FOR SALE,

A Choice Property on Bath street, also one on Lafayette street.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for cash prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

FRED. B. BOOZ,
—DEALER IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
☞ Your trade is solicited.

Miscellaneous

JAS. R. VANSANT,
Agent for the
Adams & Westlake Oil Stoves!
Gas and Gasoline Stoves,
Hardware and Cutlery.
727 Market St., Phila.
Send for Circular.

FRIENDS' GRADED SCHOOLS
PHILADELPHIA.
KINDERGARTEN, PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, or GRAMMAR, CENTRAL or HIGH SCHOOL.
THE SCHOOLS— 15th and Race Streets, 4th and Green Streets, 17th and Girard Avenue, 55th and Lancaster Ave
Will Re-open Ninth Month, 8th, 1890.

F. W. PARROTT,
Practical Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
(Late of Queen & Co)
2037 North Front Street,
Between Diamond and Norris Streets, for the proper fitting of Eye Glasses, Spectacles Full assortment Spectacles to select from. A thorough examination of the eyes free of charge

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK
Nothing better for babies.
Full Cream. Full Weigh
Best on Earth.
For sale by
S. I. WHITAKER.
Phila. Cash Grocery & Beef Market,
RADCLIFFE & MARKET, BATH & BUCKLEY.

SPOROZONE.

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Female Diseases, where any Specialist has failed We can treat you by mail Our terms are lower than any and we take small weekly payments Send for particulars

SPOROZONE COMPANY,
218 N 9th Street., Philadelphia, Pa.

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE

Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed Advice free, day and evening Strangers can be treated and return home same day Offices private DR. W. H. WRIGHT, 211 North Ninth Street, above Race P. O. Box 976 Philadelphia.

Furniture :-: :-: Repaired
By a Good Mechanic.

I have found that the People of Bristol want a place where they can have their

Furniture Repaired in a Workmanlike manner, and also done Promptly.

I HAVE EMPLOYED

Mr. Robert Clark,

Who is well known in Bristol, to take charge of this branch and solicit your trade.

☞ We will make

Window Shades and Mattresses
TO ORDER.

Chairs Recaned, Carpets cut and laid, and everything in the repairing line promptly attended to.

JOHN G. TABRAM,
Next to Town Hall, Bristol, Pa

FOR SALE.

ONE OF THE FINEST MEAT AND PROVISION stores in Philadelphia for sale, doing over $400 strictly cash trade per week. Sold low on easy terms to quick buyer Address or call,
F. S WILLIAMS,
888 West College Avenue, Philadelphia

WANTED.

ENERGETIC LADIES AND GENTLEMEN to sell Mark Twain's new and remarkable book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" Sold by subscription only 300 striking Illustrations by Dan Beard One agent sold 35 in five days, another sold 11 in three days, another took 26 in making 40 calls 20,000 already sold. Choice territory still unoccupied Address, C. L. WEBSTER & CO, 3 East 14th St New York.

Mrs. B. A. Stearns,
Inventor and Proprietor of
World Renowned Diagram
and System for Cutting Ladies and Childrens Garments.
-: Boston Dress Cutting School, :-
BOSTON, MASS

☞ By this System Ladies can CUT and FIT their own and Children's Dresses

Diagrams with Book containing Special Instructions with Paper Pattern giving written directions sent Also, answers to any questions on the same on receipt of six dollars, ($6.) Address all orders

MRS. B. A. STEARNS,
Boston Dress Cutting School,
37 Winter St., BOSTON, MASS.

DOYLESTOWN SEMINARY.

Under new management for school year 1890-91. Admits both sexes. Strong faculty of experienced teachers. Elementary and Advanced Courses, including College Preparatory Board and tuition per year, $225 to $250. Tuition, $50 to $75. No extras except Art and Music Rooms completely furnished. Pleasant and healthful locality. For circulars and other information, write early to
GEORGE WHEELER, Principal, Doylestown, Pa.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE.
55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.
We have on hand a large & well selected stock of
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Perfumery & Toilet Articles,
White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.
Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's
Ready Mixed Paints.
These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

Miscellaneous

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

are displaying in both Retail and Wholesale departments, large and most attractive assortments of

Seasonable Dry Goods

of every description, all of which have been carefully selected for the Autumn Season, abroad and at home, by experienced buyers.

Our patrons are assured of

An Unlimited Variety,
Most Moderate Prices,
Unsurpassed Facilities,
Promptness and Accuracy.

☞ Samples of every kind of material promptly forwarded without charge.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
MARKET ST. EIGHTH ST. FILBERT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

JAMES H. BIRCH,
MANUFACTURER OF
—LIGHT—
Carriages, Harness and Sleighs
BURLINGTON, N. J., U. S. A.

☞ It is with much pleasure that I inform my old customers and those interested in Carriages that I have added another large factory in connection with my business so now have one of the Largest Warerooms in the State, where I have at all times the following list of Carriages and Wagons Buggies, Ladies' and Doctors Phetons Extension Top Phetons, Six-Passenger Extensions, Jump Seats and Light Jenny Lands, Russian Sarrite (and other styles), Spindle Wagons and Buckboards in Natural Wood finish, all styles Canopy Tops, Germantowns with and without doors, Butcher, Delivery, Huckster and Jagger Wagons and Carts, with all the novelties in Springs and Gentlemen's Pleasure and Driving Wagons ☞ I have made great improvements in all my work for 1890

What others offer you is not my business, except, by the law of competition, I am required to give you as ample return for your money as any one else at I expect you trade, that I know I am prepared to do, but I must satisfy you also.

Think this over and look into it before you purchase your work for 1890, if you question this, give me a chance to prove it, by coming to see my work or sending simple order. On all my work for 1890 I put a Tire-bolt through the felloe between each spoke

I use all the Standard Springs, viz: Brewster, Timken, King, Dexter, Thomas Co and all the Duplex Novelties, also Steel Axles and Tires.

I have constantly on hand a large assortment of Harness of all kinds, also an immense stock of Sleighs for the general trade.

Send for Catalogue of General Variety of our Work

Miscellaneous.

MERIT HAS ITS SURE REWARD.

With this faith we still offer to our patrons first-class goods at lowest city prices.

Save time and money by home patronage.

Give us a trial and be convinced.

Gent's Furnishing Goods —and— Ready-made Clothing.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.

YOST & STEPHEN, 34 Mill St.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
BRISTOL, PA.

LOST.

CERTIFICATE NO 138, issued April 20th, 1875, for 27 Shares of the Stock of the Bristol Gas Light Company, to Anna B. Paxson. If found please return to
JOHN W. PAXSON.
Laurel St. Wharf, Kensington, Phila

FOR SALE OR RENT.

IN Bristol on Jefferson avenue, near river, and in very desirable location, a stone residence, nearly new, with 13 rooms, broad piazzas, trees, water, gas, furnace and all modern improvements. Immediate possession given, terms moderate and payments easy. Apply to A. Weir Gilkeson, agent, Jesse O. Thomas, Gazette office, or MRS. M. B. O. THOMAS, Jefferson Avenue.

Also for Sale—First-class Piano, Mantel Mirror, Sewing Machine, et al.
M. B. O Thomas.

Lewis T. Rodan,
Plumber, Steam & Gas Pipe Fitter,
And Dealer in
Plumbing Materials of all kinds.
Gas Machines,
WIND MILLS, PUMPS,
HYDRAULIC RAMS, &c., &c.
N. E. Cor. Radcliffe & Market.

HOGUET'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Pioneer Drug Store!
Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County (ESTABLISHED IN 1844) By the present proprietor. A large stock of first class Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist

WANTED

REFINED AND INTELLIGENT LADIES to take orders for "The Table," the new Delmonico cook-book Sells readily among all classes. 1,000 district menus, 152 soups 75 ways to cook eggs, 300 deserts. One agent sold 19 her first day, another 44 her first week, another 75 in five days A great many choice towns still open. Address, C. L. WEBSTER & Co, 3 EAST 14th St, NEW YORK.

Ready MIXED Paints
IN EVERY COLOR,
—AND—
Packages from 1 lb. Upwards
A VERY GOOD MIXED PAINT
—OF WHICH—
We have Sold Hundreds of Gallons, without Complaint, as Low as
$1.00 a Gallon!

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, OCT 9, 1890

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.15 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.40 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.42, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 1.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 1.15 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.15 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 21, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.54, 7.21, 7.43, 8.12, 8.23, 9.11, 9.42, 9.52, 10.26, A. M., 12.07, 1.01, 1.34, 2.41, 3.03, 3.42, 4.05, 5.37, 5.46, 6.25, 7.00, 7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.03, P. M

Sundays at 2.46, 8.11, 9.00, 9.42, 10.26, A. M., 12.01, 12.25, 5.33, 5.38, 7.21, 7.30 8.03, 8.51, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01 6.07, 6.28, 6.50, 7.32, 8.25, 8.30, 10.01 11.15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 5.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.31, 7.03, 7.27, 9.17, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.25, 8.30, 9.12, A. M. 2.06, 5.28, 5.55, 7.03, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Council meets next Monday night.

—The Sunday trips of the steamer Florence have been discontinued.

—Young Garfield Holt, of Bristol, has been admitted to Girard College.

—There were nearly 100,000 people in attendance at the Inter-State Fair.

—A six inch water main is being laid on Jefferson Avenue, between Wood and Pond streets.

—The game of ball between Bristol and Hulmeville, last Saturday, resulted in a score of 6 to 1 in favor of the home team.

—The Wednesday afternoon meetings of the W. C. T. U. will commence at 3 o'clock, during the winter months.

—The colored Baptists of the Lake street Baptist church propose giving an entertainment in the church on next Thursday evening.

—Anthony Swain, Esq., the oldest member of the Bucks County bar, celebrated his 75th birthday on Monday night, at his residence, on Radcliffe street, by a family re-union.

—There were eleven persons killed and twenty persons injured in the powder mills explosion at Wilmington, Del., last Tuesday. The shock was plainly felt in Bristol.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Postoffice October 9, 1890: James Collins, "B," Mike Gallingham, Cyrus Jones—2, J. Keough, Geo. Merrit, Miss E. S. Lawrence, Edward Pitcock.

—Wm. Neff, a young lad living on Wilson street, employed at Leedom's Carpet Mill, on Wednesday, fell from the third story window of the mill to the ground, sustaining serious internal injuries.

—There will be a meeting of the Republican club at Evans' Hall to-morrow evening for the purpose of perfecting the organization and the enrolment of members. A full attendance is desired.

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. H. M. Knox, formerly of Bristol, leave for Europe next Saturday. They will be absent for a year, and will be joined next June by their son, Mason, who is now a Junior at Yale College.

—Arthur Lawrence, a railroad employee, residing on Penn street had two of his fingers mashed yesterday while coupling freight cars, at Philadelphia. He was taken to a hospital and one of his fingers was amputated.

—Mrs. Thomas DeWitt fell down the cellar steps at her residence on Pond street, last Saturday afternoon, and suffered a severe cut on the knee. She was insensible when found. Dr. Wilson was summoned, who sewed up the wound.

—On next Sunday morning, Rev. I. W. Goodhue, will preach the first of a series of three sermons on "Love." The first will be "The Love of God." In the evening the subject will be "The Empire of Truth." Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

—There will be an entertainment given in the Baptist church on Tuesday evening, October 21, for the benefit of the Sunday School. It will consist of recitations, dialogues, tableaux and music. The admission has been fixed at 25 cents and children will be admitted for fifteen cents.

—Last Monday evening the pastors of the Protestant churches of Bristol met and organized a branch of the Evangelical Alliance. Dr. Cutcheus was elected president, and Rev. I. W. Goodhue, secretary. Within a very short time the Alliance will be actively engaged in its praiseworthy efforts to meet the unchurched masses.

—A very successful surgical operation was performed at the University Hospital, Philadelphia, upon William Stetson, of Penn St., an employee of Leedom's Carpet Mill, last Monday. An abscess had formed on one of the ribs at his right breast. An incision was made and it was removed from the rib. The physicians say that the patient is doing well and will be home in a few days.

—Ellwood Doran, one of Bristol's prominent citizens, died last Monday morning at his residence on Cedar street, in the 64 year of his age, after an illness of a couple of weeks. Mr. Doron was born in Frankford, but when a young man removed to Montgomery County, and from thence to Bristol. He was formerly in the milling business, being a partner of the late John Dorrance. In 1870 he withdrew and started in the lumber and coal business at the Market street wharf. He was also largely engaged in building operations, and also had a good deal of money invested in vessel stock. Mr. Doran leaves two children, William E. and Katharine. He was a member of Bristol Lodge, No. 25, F. & A. M., Hopkins Lodge, No. 87, I. O. O. F., and of Hermione Lodge, No. 100, K. of P. The funeral takes place this afternoon and will be under the direction of these Lodges. The remains will be interred in the Episcopal burying ground.

REPUBLICAN CLUB FORMED.

There was a meeting of Republicans at Evans' Hall last Friday evening for the purpose of organizing a Republican club. The meeting was called to order by Anthony K. Joyce, of the Republican Executive Committee, and John G. Tabram was elected temporary chairman and Jesse O. Thomas temporary secretary. On motion the chairman appointed William A. Barnhill, John Worrell, Anthony K. Joyce, R. B. Kelley and William S. Wright a committee to prepare resolutions. The committee presented the following:

Resolved, That the Republicans of Bristol borough, in mass meeting assembled, this third day of October, 1890, do hereby pledge themselves to the principles of the Republican party.

Resolved, That we hereby indorse and approve of the platform of the Republican party of the State of Pennsylvania and candidates upon the State ticket.

Resolved, That we hereby indorse and approve of the candidates upon the Republican ticket for Congress and county officers.

Resolved That we hereby indorse and approve of the administration of President Harrison and the Republican party, and especially the action of that party in passing the McKinley tariff bill, under and by which the Republican party has redeemed the pledges to foster and protect American industries.

Resolved, That we congratulate and approve of the course of our Representative in Congress, Hon. Robert Yardley.

Resolved, That we hereby organize ourselves into the Republican club of Bristol, hereby pledging ourselves to a vigorous campaign of aggressive measures, and declaring that we have nothing to defend and nothing to explain.

Resolved, That the permanent chairman appoints a committee of five to report a plan of organization.

The report of the Committee was approved and ordered spread upon the minutes.

The following permanent officers were elected: President, John K. Wildman; Secretary, Jesse O. Thomas; Treasurer, William A. Barnhill.

Mr. Wildman on taking the chair made a brief but forcible address upon the issues of the campaign.

The following Vice-Presidents were then chosen: First ward, Chas. Appleton; Second Ward, George Marshall; Third ward, Patrick Keating; Fourth ward, William Barkett.

On motion the President appointed John Worrell, A. K. Joyce, R. B. Kelley, William S. Wright and Charles Young a committee to formulate plans of organization.

On motion William S. Wright, John G. Tabram and A. K. Joyce were appointed a committee to procure a place of meeting and to arrange for speakers, &c.

Short but effective addresses were made by William S. Wright, H. G. Peters and John K. Wildman.

Before the meeting closed it was announced that Wednesday, Oct. 15th, the club, and the citizens of Bristol and vicinity would be addressed by Comptroller B. F. Gilkeson and other speakers.

The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the committee of arrangements.

COMMUNICATED.

TULLYTOWN, PA., Oct. 8th, 1890.

ED. GAZETTE: In the little village of Tullytown I daily pass upon the street or meet at their homes over a dozen people that have over-reached the span of life. Some of them in the race have gone beyond the goal, by a reach of years. Whenever one of these, an olden time resident—a father, a mother—sisters and falls, it seems due that we look with honorable retrospection and trace a line in memory.

On the morning of October 6th, 1890, the chain that encircles these aged ones was broken and another link taken away. My friend and neighbor, John K. Davis, was stricken down when nearing the 72d turning. He had for a long time been sorely afflicted, and becoming aware of failing strength, he looked for the approaching dissolution with an awakening sense of resignation and contentment, and without over lingering or manifold suffering, the end came peacefully.

I knew John K. Davis so well during his 25 years residence in Bucks county that I assume the task to solace the grief of a much-grieved family, by presenting some of the many predominating good traits of his character. It has been written:

"The evil men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

If this test is to be drawn by the uncharitable, I feel to know for a surety that the object of my remembrance will not be wanting in the measurement of wonderful goodness of heart, and right purpose of mind. He had a lively sense of the justness in God's mercy, and was ever ready "to do unto others more abundantly than they would have been willing to have done unto him." He was charitable beyond degree and impoverished himself in giving. He had a tender solicitude for the welfare of his children, and helped them in the preparation of homes and settlements, with a fatherly cheerfulness and love. They will miss him; for by business tact he always enjoyed the fruits of a good living.

In this brief review I recall the time when the door of his old and happy home was closed forever, by the premature death of an only daughter, whose worth I need not recount; for who, in all the surrounding country, does not remember "Mary," a bright girl of superior temperament, great usefulness and true christian courage? Her loss to the father was an anguish too deep for healing. It increased with the later years, and ended only at the grave, where they now rest, side by side. Son and brother, keep their memory green and wish them joys beyond.

I can go no farther. I leave my aged friend resting from toil and from suffering, the recompense of which shall be full of glory.

C. M.

—The roadmaster of the Farsbey town district Bergen county, N. J., is a woman. It appears that she and her husband are the only residents of the district who do not pay their road tax elsewhere. The husband was roadmaster last year and as he did not post the election notice required by law, he was not eligible to serve again, and the Township Company appointed his wife.

"If a woman will, she will." If she will take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for her cold, she will be cured.

Take good advice.—I have suffered with bad headaches for years, and have tried many remedies without obtaining relief. I was advised to give Salvation Oil a trial, and it has entirely cured me.

EDWARD BALTZ, (Butcher,)
La Fayette Market, Baltimore, Md.

—A story which reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights, comes from Chicago. The Mount Carmel Aeronautic Manufacturing Company was chartered at Springfield, with $20,000,000 capital. They promise air ships, which will travel from New York to London in twenty-four hours. The models claim to have been successfully tested.

Emery's invitation to a libel suit, as previously explained, is but a trick to cover his pitiful fiasco and to wheedle the credulity of those of our people who do not fully understand the nature of such suits—their vexatious delays and the entire loss of interest in them when the election has passed.—Bucks County Gazette.

If Brother Thomas were charged with perjury of which he was innocent; if he were charged with forgery of which he was innocent, would he rest with making a sweeping denial, or take some other course to vindicate his good name? Brother Thomas now has the floor. This is all.—Doylestown Democrat.

We are glad that the Democrat referred that question to the editor of the GAZETTE. It is such an easy one to answer. If an insane person, a blackguard, a man whose vision was distorted by reason of inordinate jealousy of another's success, an habitual liar, a chronic dissembler, or a blatant demagogue should turn up the whites of his hypocritical eyes and charge the editor of the GAZETTE with having committed a crime of which he was innocent, and of which, from the nature of the facts in the case there was no earthly reason which would cause any one to suppose him to be guilty, the strong probability is that the editor would not consider it worth while to even deny the accusation, let alone to take the trouble to disprove it. That is all. Fetch on your next conundrum.

—Iowa has passed a stringent tramp law. It declares that any male person sixteen years of age or over, who is physically able to work, who is wandering about begging or idle, and who cannot show reasonable efforts to secure employment, shall be deemed a tramp, sent to jail and put at hard work. While in jail he shall not be allowed tobacco, liquors, sporting or illustrated newspapers, cards or any other means of amusement. Tramps will give Iowa a wide berth. Similar treatment here would be salutary.

Do you notice how, in foggy, wet or changeable weather the breathing becomes disturbed? The use of Old Sanford's Catarrh Cure remedies this condition. Price 25 cents, sold everywhere.

When your child has been attacked with diarrhœa, colic or stomach disorders, do not delay the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup one instant.

AN IMPORTANT SESSION.

A review of the ten-month session of Congress which closed on Wednesday shows that it was one of the most important in the history of the country.

The Tariff legislation enacted finally commits the government to Protection as the national policy, and it is safe to predict that this will be adhered to for many years to come. The great mass of voters are interested in the prosperity of American industries and it is exceedingly unlikely that they will knowingly allow what has been accomplished to be reversed.

It is fair to presume that the monetary legislation of the session will be endorsed by the country at the approaching elections. The Silver bill has already had a decided influence in helping along the reaction towards prosperity. In conjunction with the new Tariff bill, it will and considerably in giving an impulse to enterprise.

Probably the most striking feature of the session was the victory over the obstructionists in the skillful and courageous lead of Speaker Reed. He did just what common sense required in using his authority to compel the opposition to attend to the public business instead of hindering and indefinitely delaying its transaction.

Reed is the central figure of the Fifty-first Congress. The minority by denouncing him as a "tyrant, usurper, and dictator," made him more prominent than he would otherwise have been. The splendid endorsement given him by the voters of his district last month was a magnificent distribute to his worth as a leader in Congress, whether in the Speaker's chair or out of it.

The session has been fruitful in beneficial legislation, including what was done against lotteries, in the direction of building up the navy, by way of providing for the veterans of the war, etc. Progress was made toward honest and fair elections for the country, the House passing an acceptable measure which was only laid aside in the Senate for want of time. It may be expected that it will be promptly taken up and passed two months hence when Congress again assembles. This hope will animate every patriotic Republican in working for party success at the election in November.—Norristown Herald.

—A writer in the Commercial Advertiser, in comparing the morals of the present Congressmen with those of their predecessors, points out that since the days of Washington there have never been so many total abstainers and so few drunkards as now. He says that only two or three Senators and half a dozen members of the House are known as excessive drinkers. Fifty years ago all drank and half of them were occasionally in a maudlin state.

"Henry A. Wise records a maudlin scene here at a public dinner in 1838 when Daniel Webster hiccoughed a speech in favor of union forever, and a Kentucky member jumped on the table, yelled "Liberty or death!" and frantically flung a champagne bottle at the head of the great expounder of the constitution. No such thing could happen now. Occasionally, still, a Senator or Representative loses his self-control in public, but he keeps out of sight as much as possible, and the correspondents agree not to say anything about it with the understanding that the exhibition is not to be repeated."

As to gambling there has been a similar or greater revolution in the habits of both bodies. Forty years ago there were public gambling saloons on every block from the Capitol to the White House. Now there is not a single public gambling place in Washington. No Senator stakes his next year's salary, as they did in the fourth decade; no army officer compels his wife to mortgage her house, as in the gossip of the past; no foreign minister lays on the table the money he has borrowed to take him to Germany, as in one well-known case by a diplomat who is still alive and hence unnamed by me—in short nobody is "ruined."—Germantown Telegraph.

Choice Roses

for Bouquets and Funeral Designs at shortest notice, Harry Chambers, Florist, 23 Market street.

—Ex-Senator Emery has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. His promised revelations have dwindled away to nothing. Senator Delamater steadily rises in public estimation as the canvas progresses, the reaction from charges without any foundation benefitting him materially.

—A cablegram tells how England is getting an unpleasant overdose of free trade. The McKinley bill has stopped exportations to this country of certain large lines of manufactures, in which Germany and Belgium were competitors of the English in this market. The Germans and Belgians, being also cut off from this market, are flooding England with their goods, being able to undersell the English in England because of an advantage in the price of labor. This is a case where the free traders are getting too much free trade.

RESULTS OF TARIFF "ROBBERY."

The Democratic campaign speakers and writers who talk about the "robber Tariff" should study this paragraph from the Philadelphia Manufacturer:

This process of robbery has been going on here almost without cessation for a hundred years, and the following are some of the results: We have become the richest nation in the world. Our internal commerce surpasses in volume and in value the imports of all other nations. We have half the railway mileage of the world. We are the greatest manufacturing nation. We consume nearly half the iron and steel product of the world. We consume one-third the total wool product. We consume two-thirds of all the tinplate made. We grow more than half the cotton. We are the only nation that has a surplus in its Treasury. We are the only nation that ever paid $1,000,000,000 of debt in twenty-five years. We pay higher wages than any other nation. Our people consume more good things per capita than those of any other country. Wages have steadily advanced, under this process of robbery, and prices have steadily gone down. Half a million people from other countries come here every year to be robbed, and so eager are they to come that when we pass laws to keep them out, they sneak in by way of Canada and Mexico.

—It is Senator Cameron and not Senator Quay who will be re-elected by the Legislature to be chosen at the polls this fall. It is the Republican majority in Congress and not the seat of Senator Quay, whose term will not expire until 1893, which, if the Barker movement had any force or was entitled to any respect or following, would be threatened by it. It is Mr. Pattison, a candidate nominated by Grover Cleveland and his immediate agent, W. L. Scott, whose nomination at Scranton is said to have cost $50,000, who is the representative of New York free traders and free trade, who, when he was Governor, vetoed the Soldiers' Burial bill, the charity appropriations, and approved the Railroad act, which railroad men pronounce to have given more room for corruption and fraud than any similar act of any Pennsylvania Legislature, who spent $500,000 in a foolish extra session of the Legislature—this is the candidate whom the document pronounces "tried and trusted," who would be enabled to throw Pennsylvania's influence for Cleveland and free trade by the defeat of Mr. Delamater.

James H. Birch, Burlington, New Jersey, the Carriage, Harness, and Sleigh Manufacturer, has Finally Gotten Himself into Difficulties.

It was not entirely unexpected, as observing people have been looking for it a long time. It has been known for a number of years that he has been investing heavily in advertising, which is the principle cause of the trouble that has made the demand for his goods greater than the supply, but as Mr. Birch has always proved himself equal to all emergencies, it is hoped by his customers, that by giving him a little extension of time, that he will be able to pull through all right and supply all demands.

THE QUEEN PAYS ALL EXPENSES.—The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and $200 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North American." Additional prizes consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States) sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send six U. S. 2c stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of The Queen. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O

The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number.

It has ever been acknowledged that thoughtful men and women derive great benefit from the practical experience of others. This is certainly true, inasmuch as people of nice tastes, battling with a limited income, must possess a strong vein of practical common sense, which, in case of emergency, predominates, and insures a conservatism of action in providing for those of their own household. It is in such homes, and among this class of people, we discover that which results in "the greatest good to the greatest number," viz: Dr. Humphreys' Manual and Family Specifics. There being no large bank account, with which to liquidate a doctor's long bill for winter's attendance, the mother and housekeeper feels it incumbent upon her to become in a measure—and hundreds of times with the most marvelous success—not only her own physician, but the able adviser of her afflicted neighbors. She notes the symptoms of croup, worm fever or measles in her children, the hollow cough, bronchitis or incipient consumption in the husband or friend, and consulting her Manual, administers the prescribed Specific with remarkable and gratifying success. No wonder the unvarying testimony in favor of Humphreys' Specifics, is, that they are simple, mild and efficacious. See advertisement.—Lafayette, Ind. Journal.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

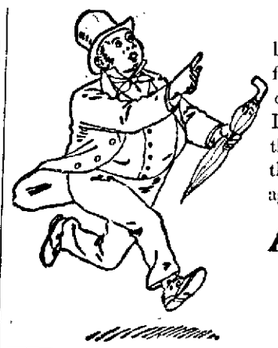
Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call at their druggist's for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large-size package 50 cents.

DIED.

DAVIS.—In Tullytown, Pa., October 5, '90, John K. Davis, aged 71 years.

'Tis hard to break the tender cord,
When love has bound the heart,
'Tis hard, so hard to speak the words,
Must we forever part?
Dearest father, we have laid thee,
In the peaceful grave's embrace,
But thy memory will be cherished,
'Till we see thy heavenly face.



A man runs no chance of missing a bargain at our stores. The prices are so fair and the qualities so reliable that you can close your eyes and safely purchase If you have a Suit or Overcoat to buy this Fall make it a point to deal where there are no doubtful qualities, no extravagant prices.

A.C.Yates&Co.

6th and Chestnut. Ledger Building. 13th and Chestnut. New Store.

PHILADELPHIA.

New Advertisements.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. —U. S. Government Report, August 17th, 1889.

Administrator's Sale!

—OF—

REAL ESTATE & PERSONAL PROPERTY.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE Orphans' court of the county of Bucks, will be sold at Public Sale, upon the premises, No. 33 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa., on

Saturday, Oct. 25, 1890.

The house and lot late of Mary Ann Wood, deceased. The lot has a frontage upon Mulberry street of 24 feet, with a depth of 46 feet. The house is frame, in excellent repair, and contains 6 rooms.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold the Personal Property of the deceased, consisting in part of 28 yards Brussels carpet, almost new, 30 yards ingrain carpet, 50 yards rag carpet, parlor suit of furniture containing 8 pieces, marble-top table, vase, walnut bedsteads, 2 bureaus, 6 cane-seat chairs, rocking chair, clock, 7 dining-room chairs, 2 mahogany tables, stand, mirror, sofa, two lambrequins, kitchen stove, 2 dining room stoves, set of china dishes, crockery and glassware, 2 wash tubs, 2 wash benches, lot of pictures, 3 lamps, kitchen utensils, 2 rugs, mat, etc., etc.

Conditions of sale of the Real Estate.—$100 at close of sale, balance of purchase money January 1, 1891.

Conditions of sale of the Personal Property—Cash on delivery of goods.

Sale to commence at 1:30 P. M. Real Estate at 3 P. M.

JESSE W. KNIGHT, Administrator.
EDW. N. BOOZ, Auctioneer.

To Rent.

A SECOND STORY FRONT ROOM, FURNISHED, next door to Baptist parsonage, Cedar street, above Walnut.

Are You a Baptist?

By Profession?
By Education?
By Association?

If one, and you are not already taking it, you need

The Examiner,

The Leading Baptist Paper

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH, representing the denomination of the whole country rather than any part thereof.

Send $2, the price of one year's subscription, addressing THE EXAMINER, Box 3661, New York City, and receive the paper for fifteen months—from October 1, 1890, to January 1, 1892.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

In the Orphan's Court of Bucks County.

Estate of WILLIAM TAYLOR POTTS, M. D., late of the Borough of Bristol deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT upon the petition of Sarah A. Potts, the widow of the said decedent, the said Court has appointed appraisers under the Act of June fourth 1883, to appraise and set aside the personal property of the said decedent, selected by the said widow, and that the said appraisement will be presented to the said Court and filed therein on Monday, the Tenth of November, A. D., 1890.

JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Attorney for Sarah A. Potts.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, Oct. 2nd, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$423,915 26
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Stocks, securities, judgments, claims,	67,074 94
Due from approved reserve agents	36,362 67
Due from other National Banks	1,173 21
Due from State Banks and bankers	50 00
Banking-house furniture, and fixtures.	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	3,004 58
Checks and other cash items	3,235 94
Bills of other Banks	435 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	18 17
Specie	15,800 00
Legal tender notes	18,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$620,386 77

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	95,000 00
Undivided profits	20,430 88
National Bank notes outstanding	32,050 00
Dividends unpaid	348 00
Individual deposits subject to check	371,166 95
Due to other National Banks	8,051 32
Due to State Banks and Bankers	1,069 62
TOTAL	$620,386 77

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 7th day of October, 1890.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

PIERSON MITCHELL,
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET,
} Directors

FOR SALE CHEAP,

A SAUSAGE CUTTER AND HORSE power in good order.
A. WEIR GILKESON, Bristol, Pa.

J. D. LOWDEN,

No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,

HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NATHAN N. CAMPBELL, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

JOHN R. CAMPBELL, Administrator.
B. F. & A. WEIR GILKESON, & W. S. WRIGHT, his Attorneys.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, by an Act of General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act relating to the Elections of this Commonwealth," passed the 2d day of July, 1839, it is made the duty of the Sheriff of every county to give notice of such Election, and to enumerate therein the officers to be elected.

Therefore, I, JOSEPH R. COMLY, High Sheriff of the county of Bucks, do hereby make known to the Electors of said county that an Election will be held in the several districts of Bucks county, on

Tuesday, November Fourth, 1890,

(it being the first Tuesday after the first Monday of said month,) between the hours of seven o'clock, a. m. and seven o'clock, p. m., at which time the following officers are to be elected, viz.:

ONE PERSON as GOVERNOR of the State of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON as LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR of the State of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON as SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS of the State of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON to represent the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the counties of Bucks and Montgomery, in the CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

ONE PERSON as STATE SENATOR from the Tenth Senatorial District, consisting of the county of Bucks.

THREE PERSONS to represent the county of Bucks in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES of the State of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON as SHERIFF of the county of Bucks.

ONE PERSON as REGISTER OF WILLS of the county of Bucks.

ONE PERSON as RECORDER OF DEEDS of the county of Bucks.

ONE PERSON as CLERK OF THE ORPHANS COURT of the county of Bucks.

ONE PERSON as CLERK OF THE COURTS OF QUARTER SESSIONS AND OYER AND TERMINER of the county of Bucks.

THREE PERSONS as COMMISSIONERS of the county of Bucks.

ONE PERSON as DIRECTOR OF THE POOR of the county of Bucks.

THREE PERSONS as AUDITORS of the county of Bucks.

Notice is also given that the places of election, at which the electors of the several districts of the county shall meet, are as follows:

District No. 1. For the borough of Newtown, at the Council Chamber, in said borough.

No. 2. For the township of Richland, at the house now occupied by Milton B. Kline, in said township.

No. 3. For the township of Nockamixon, at the house now occupied by William Rufe, in said township.

No. 4. For the township of Buckingham, at the house now occupied by Peter L. Righter, in said township.

No. 5. For the borough of Bristol, at the following places:

First Ward. At the Town Hall, in said Ward.

Second Ward. At the brick store house of Henry A. Talley, situated on Dorrance street, in said Ward.

Third Ward. At the house now occupied by Thaddeus Farley, on Bath street, in said Ward.

Fourth Ward. At the house now occupied by Jeremiah Kelly, in said Ward.

No. 6. For the township of West Rockhill, at the house now occupied by Samuel S Smith, in said township.

No. 7. For the township of Solebury, at Solebury Hall, at Centre Hill, in said township.

No. 8. For the township of Lower Bensalem, at the house now occupied by Louisa Vandegrift, in said township.

No. 9. For the township of Springfield, at the house now occupied by Frederick R. Barndt, in said township.

No. 10. For the township of Falls, at the house now occupied by Theodore W. Sterling, at Wheat Sheaf, in said township.

No. 11. For the township of Warwick, at the house now occupied by Albert E. Ramsey, in said township.

No. 12. For the township of Lower Makefield, at the house now occupied by Jonathan Shoemaker, in said township.

No. 13. For the township of Haycock, at the house now occupied by Lewis Allen, at Strawntown, in said township.

No. 14. For the township of Northampton, at the house now occupied by Edward H. Roberts, in said township.

No. 15. For the township of Wrightstown, at the house now occupied by David S. Briggs, at the Anchor, in said township.

No. 16. For the township of Upper Makefield, at the house now occupied by George W. Hall, in said township.

No. 17. For the township of Southampton, at the house now occupied by E. K. Hogeland, in said township.

No. 18. For the township of Middletown, at the house now occupied by John S. Wright, in said township.

No. 19. For the township of Hilltown, at the house now occupied by Samuel K. Hagen, in said township.

No. 20. For the township of Plumstead, at the house now occupied by James Bisey, in said township.

No. 21. For the township of New Britain, at the house now occupied by Isaac Keller, in said township.

No. 22. For the township of Bedminster, at the house now occupied by Edward D. Miller, in said township.

No. 23. For the township of Durham, at the house now occupied by Melville Carty, in said township.

No. 24. For the township of Tinicum, at the house now occupied by John J. Lambert, in said township.

No. 25. For the borough of Doylestown, at the house now occupied by Charles H. Heist, in said borough.

No. 26. For the township of Warrington, at the house now occupied by Charles Kerbaugh, in said township.

No. 27. For the township of Warminster, at the house now occupied by Charles F. Dager, in said township.

No. 28. For the township of Milford, at the house now occupied by William H. Mackrell, at Milford Square, in said township.

No. 29. For the township of West Bristol, at the house now occupied by Isaac P. Morris, in said township.

No. 30. For the borough of New Hope at the house now occupied by A. J. Solomon, in said borough.

No. 31. For the township of East Rockhill, at the house now occupied by William Bracker, in said township.

No. 32. For the borough of Morrisville, at the Town Hall, in said borough.

No. 33. For the township of Newtown, at the house now occupied by B. Frank Wentworth, in said township.

No. 34. For the township of Doylestown, at the house now occupied by Samuel Leatherman, in said township.

No. 35. For the township of Bridgeton, at the house now occupied by Jeremiah Kohl, in said township.

No. 36. For the borough of Quakertown, at the Hall of Good Will Fire Company, in said borough.

No. 37. For the borough of Hulmeville, at Johnson's Hall, in said borough.

No. 38. For the borough of Langhorne, at the Council Chamber, in said borough.

No. 39. For the borough of Sellersville at the house now occupied by Abraham W. Reitz, in said borough.

No. 40. For the borough of Perkasie, at the house now occupied by Philip S. Cressman, in said borough.

No. 41. For the borough of Telford, at the Public School House, in said borough.

No. 42. For the township of East Bristol, at the house now occupied by J. Hart Fackenthall in said township.

No. 43. For the township of Upper Bensalem, at the house now occupied by S. C. Worthington, in said township.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN.

That "At all elections hereafter held under the laws of this Commonwealth, the polls shall be opened at seven o'clock, a. m., and closed at seven o'clock, p. m."

And it is provided by an Act of Assembly, approved July 2, 1839, "That every person, excepting Justices of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also, that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising at the same, the office or appointment of judge, inspector, or clerk of any election of the Commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge, or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

God save the Commonwealth.

JOSEPH R. COMLY Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, October 10, 1890.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of PETER WHITE, deceased, late of Falls Twp., Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Administrator.
Morrisville P. O.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of W. TAYLOR POTTS, M. D., late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make payment, and those having legal claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement without delay, to

SARAH A. POTTS.
Or to her Attorney, J. C. STUCKERT.

Philadelphia Business Houses.

Fine Tailoring At Reasonable prices.

JOHN LEUPOLD & SON,

610 Arch Street, (OPPOSITE ARCH ST. THEATRE,) Philadelphia.

BEST CARPETS AT OFF PRCES.

We have bought from the Best Manufacturers a large lot of Tapestry Brussels at prices much below the cost to make them, and will give you the benefit of a good carpet at an exceedingly low price as long as they last. The patterns are all new and very pretty, and the quality is the

OLE BOSSIE COW.

Po' ole bossie cow's down in de marsh,
Down in de marsh where de cool winds are blow'n';
Eh'ry now an' then when de staum dies away
Seems as if I hyard ole bossie cow a-lowin'.

So out by de cabin do I stan' on de sweep,
An' listen in de win' an' dampain' weddah,
An't 'pears dat I hear ole bossie cow agin
An' I low dat she say, "Come down in de meddah."

Den down froo de marsh land trampin' along,
Down froo de gloom an' de night rains a-fallin',
Pickin' my way froo de whisperin' reeds,
Co-boss, co-boss, co-boss a-callin',

Den all ob a sudden I come to a stop,
An' dar was ole bossie cow so gentle and so kyind,
An' I coax up ole bridle an' I lead her by de ho'n;
A wee little bossie cow comes follerin' on behin',
A wee little bossie comes follerin' on behin'.

—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

THE GOLDEN TABLE.

It was in the summer of 1825, in an out of the way cottage in a lonely New England town, that one might have heard the following conversation:

"I tell ye what, mum, I'm a-goin' to git out o' this. I'm tired o' hoein' an' a-plantin' an' a-cuttin' stocks in the fall, an' a-thrashin' the flail half the winter. I'm a-goin' to Furnaceville to go inter the fact'ry where I can be somebody! You'd orter seen how the fellers from there look! They was just dreat to kill last Sunday, when I ketched 'em a-stealin' apples over'n our back orchard. Shiny caps an' starched shirts ev'ry one on 'em! Some on 'em earn three an' four dollars a week 'sides payin' board, an' they say they live like kings at the fact'ry boardin' house."

"Wall, Joe, you hev spelt. Mebbe there's more 'n yer head than I think, but land o' massy, yeou don't talk's of there was. You 's a big a fool as yer Uncle Gib. He never 'mounted to sluck, only sot 'round on the aige o' Little Pond an' dreamed o' how to git that ere gold table, an' yer dad an' I jest dug the meat off'n our bones to feed you young uns an' him. To think yer dad an' I should go to work an' hev a fool in the fambly," and poor Mum Herring seized a pail of swill which she had been scalding, and went out of the little doorway to feed the pigs, whose pen was but a portion of the back yard fenced off cornerwise by a short strip of rail fence.

Josi Herring sat silent. What was it about this gold table? Surely he had heard it before. "Mum" was so mad with him now for wishing to get away from home that he knew she would tell him no more, lest it should make him good for nothing, as Uncle Gib. But if there was a gold table there might not that be a better thing to go in for than to go to the factory?

When "mum" came back from the pigpen Josi was missing. She sniffled and said, "Gone to the fact'ry; he's no 'count anyway."

But he had gone to Neighbor Sanders to learn about that table.

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At the home of Neighbor Sanders this anomaly, an ambitious Herring, listened to a strange tale.

Ages and ages ago one of the historically lazy, non-working Herring family had been possessed by a strong passion for money, piles of money, earned easily and quickly. A traveling pack man sought a night's lodging at Herring's cabin, disappeared mysteriously, or so the neighbors thought when they were not visited by him they next morning as they expected.

Not to see the contents of his pack was of itself a deep disappointment to these simple people, who rarely saw a peddler more frequently than thrice a year, and surely never indulged in the luxury of trading with more than one out of that thrice.

Jake Herring had made a great deal of talk about the cheating scamp who, he asserted, had risen early while the family were sleeping and gone away without paying for his supper and bed. Yet the neighbors whispered their doubts to each other, and in a few months the Herring family were suspiciously well dressed. They talked of presents from hitherto unheard of wealthy relatives. But the neighbors talked of the missing peddler! They believed the fine clothes came from his pack, and wondered if "it would ever come to light."

Some years afterward one of the more ambitious farmers of this locality resolved to rid a certain field of its tangle of barberry bushes. Jake Herring was resting peacefully in his grave, as far as any knew. But there were grave doubts in the neighbors' minds when Neighbor Rand, to his horror, unearthed from beneath a barberry bush the skeleton of a man and a long, leather shoulder strap, such as peddlers used for carrying their packs.

"Murder will out," cried all the town, "and Jake did kill that peddler, and must have used the strap to drag the body from his house to the field, where he buried it under the thorny barberry bush."

Then followed the tradition that a curse came then upon the Herrings that all should remain poor, and wherever they went a barberry bush should spring up, even where none could ever be made to grow before, so that the whole world should know the danger—that a Herring was near. But as to all crimes some atonement is permitted, or some expiatory achievement is allowed to wipe out the sin, so in this case, had it in some way become known that in Little's pond depths lay a golden table, and if this could be secured by the industry and skill of some one, comparatively sinless, all the sins of his ancestors might be atoned and the curse pronounced upon even the third and fourth generation might be removed.

No wonder that Gib Herring had pondered long how to obtain it, and whenever he heard of a white bull calf born at some neighbor's had tried to purchase it. Tradition said, "Twelve yoke of spotlessly white oxen attached to a grapnel iron and driven through the pond by a brave, industrious, pure young man would bring to light the golden table and lift the curse of ancestral sins from his own and future generations." Were he sinful or industrious only in pretense then he and the oxen would sink in the, to that day, unfathomed depths of the pond; while the heavy grapnel iron would (against all laws of nature) float for seven days as a warning to all that the sin of hypocrisy would never be permitted to prosper or advance one in life.

Where the cultured can scarcely shake off superstition it is not strange that the ignorant cling to it. Josi Herring went home in deep thought; twenty-four white oxen he knew must first be trained and in his possession, and he must go steadily to work. He went out late at night, and finding a luxuriant barberry bush he dug it up with quick, vigorous thrusts of the spade and shovel. Then, with his heavy boots, he trampled it under foot, crushing the blood hued berries at every stamp of his heavy, cowhide number nines; then kneeling down beside the gravelike excavation he had made he solemnly vowed, with the moon for witness, that he would never rest till he possessed both oxen and table.

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Years were spent in the search, years of hard labor, first on one farm, and then another. Twenty dollars a month and board for seven months in the year, and $10 in the winter for chores and wood chopping and wood drawing, was no small amount of ready cash for a Herring. How carefully he husbanded that money and counted it over and over! With wise forethought he not only bought each pure white calf of which he could hear, and sent it home to be pastured on the old meadows hired of his father, but realizing how great was the profit in the growth of stock, he bought every "likely calf" he could secure. As time rolled on he had a herd much too large for the few home acres, and was hiring meadows and rugged upland of his old neighbors. How proud he grew as he learned that he was no longer Josi Herring, but "Mr. Herring, the greatest cattle raiser in New England."

But the day came at last, while he was still in the prime of life, scarcely 40, that the longed for twenty-four oxen were his, twelve yoke of milk white cattle, not a dark hair upon them. Some were now old, sedate oxen; these would make good "end oxen," leaders and wheelers (if one may be permitted a little license of speech), while the more frisky, youthful steers would be sandwiched between the more staid along the line.

Surely this was a team to be proud of, even without the golden halo that the traditional treasure gave to their value in his eyes. Sometimes he felt so rich with all the profits of his stock raising, accomplished on the so called worn out farms of New England, that he was almost resolved not to try the chimerical scheme suggested by the Sanders tradition. But the inborn superstition and faith in tradition, that leads the whole world more or less this way and that, deny it who will, at length decided Mr. Herring to set a day when the deed should be accomplished.

The thing most to be dreaded was the ridicule of his old neighbors if he failed; this must be provided against. Though he had never heard the old saying, "if you would seal your tongue, first dine and wine him well," yet his mother wit suggested this very thing. He bade all friends to a meadow banquet to be held from 11 till 2 on a certain day, and at 3 to be present as he drove his team through the fateful pond.

Though the wine was but the best of cider, yet it served its purpose and washed away from the hungry and thirsty mouths all hypercritical criticisms that envy might have suggested. As they ate the cold turkey and munched the fine pies and cake not one was heard to croak that the table would not be found.

It was with some inner trepidation, covered well by outward calm, that he snapped his whip and started his team down the slope toward the pond, while clinking behind the last yoke of cattle came the heavy chain with its grappling hook! All held their breath as Josiah stepped boldly into the water beside the leaders! All watched to see him get beyond his depth, and some even whispered, "Can he swim if he finds himself sinking?"

But, lo! On and on he goes, till he has reached the middle of the pond. As he has felt the ground leaving his feet, and finds that though the water grows deeper and deeper, as he well knows, yet neither he nor his cattle have sunk an inch lower than when he first began to realize that he was being held up by some wonderful power—as he feels this with increasing surprise he realizes that though determined to try the feat he has not in the past more than half believed in it himself.

He doubts no longer, he sees and feels this strange support, and knows now that soon the grapnel will drag on the table. Slower and slower go the oxen now, as if dragging a burden! He and the leaders are coming out upon the bank upon the other side; one by one the pairs of cattle step on land—at last clank, clank, come the last pair, the sagging chain clanking behind them; there is a gleam in the water surely. Ah, no, 'tis but the glint of a westering sunbeam! But no, there is something—slowly, slowly coming to land, not only the table that shall make the Herrings the Rothschilds of New England, but the table which shall remove forever the curse from their descendants!

The cheers of the assembled neighbors break upon the stillness of the meadows at the south, and the hills at the north and cast catch the sound and cast it back from one to another like giants playing a rattling ball game. How the hills echo and echo again, "Long live the Herring family!"

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"Goodness gracious me!" sounds the shrill voice of Mum Herring. "Be you a-goin' to snore here all day? Here 'tis 10 o'clock an' you asleep. Why in all nater didn't you stay all night over to Granther Sanderses? Yer might as well while yer was abeout it!"

Oh, dear, and oh, dear, 'twas nothing but a dream!

And yet it proved more, for there was something in Josi Herring after all.

When the first disappointment was over he felt that even the dream had taught him much. Why not fill his father's pastures with stock? He actually knew of farmers who would kill a calf rather than feed it until the law would permit them to sell it to the village butcher, and he knew that he could get all the 3-days-old calves he could pay for at a dollar a head.

His mother agreed to help care for the baby stock, and soon his idea was in working operation. He went to work with a will, and found, as all will do, that "where there is a will there is a way."

In a few years the herd of young cattle on the New England hills was not a dream, but a glad reality. He was now "Mr. Herring," as in the dream; for industry permits no evil habits, and those worthy in themselves are not despised because some dead and gone ancestor has hid his discreditable head beneath the sod.

When the good one's ancestors has done will not counteract one's own folly and make it respectable it is worse than folly to try to discredit the deserving by raking out of their graves those whose best deed to the world was their going out!—Keziah Shelton in Springfield Homestead.

Oh, That Child!

A wee little girl on Bagg street was left at home for a few days with a maiden aunt as sole companion.

"Aren't you afraid of burglars?" was asked by a friend.

"No, I'm not. Aunt —— is so blamed cross that there ain't a burglar in Detroit would dare to go near her."—Detroit News.

Dr. C. G. Currier, of New York, states that, unless extraordinarily resistant, water becomes sterilized if it be at or near the boiling temperature for fifteen minutes. If the same degree of heat be maintained for five minutes all harmful micro-organisms will have been destroyed. Still less time serves to destroy the disease producing varieties which are recognized as liable to occur in water.

Jealous Femininity.

There are two rival "salons" in town, one of which is presided over by an autocrat and martial little dowager who does not hesitate to tell her guests that if they go to her rival's parlors they will find hers closed to them. One night, having spread her wings over a band of young people, much as a motherly hen gathers her chickens together, she sailed into a drawing room with great empressement. Suddenly she caught sight of her rival comfortably seated on a sofa, and eying her with quiet amusement.

The tail of the little procession was not yet within the drawing room, the dowager had scarcely grasped her hostess' hand when she discovered the presence of her enemy. "Children," she said in tragic tones to her charges, "this is no place for us. Good evening, Mrs. ——," and turning she swept her proteges into the hall and out of the house, leaving her rival in possession of the field.—Edith Sessions Tupper in Chicago Herald.

Lets His Neighbor's Dog Alone.

Some time ago a camp meeting was begun at Hollow Rock Springs, owned by an old fellow named Mayhew. Just after the religious exercises were started one of the officers of the association went to old Mayhew and said:

"Look here, old man, there is something the matter with that spring water."

"Think so?"

"Yes, I know it. Tastes bad and smells awful."

"Wall, I won't dispute your word. Man's got a right to his opinion in this here neighborhood."

"But can't something be done?"

"I don't know but thar mout."

"What would you suggest?"

"Wall, I reckon the best thing to do as a starter would be to take the dog out."

"Take the dog out?" the officer gasped. "What do you mean?"

"Mean you had better pull out the dead dog, an' give the water a chance to prove its innocence."

"Is it possible that you knew there was a dog in there?"

"Of course I knowed it when I seed him in thar."

"Why didn't you take him out?"

"Well, it's old Andy Patterson's dog, an' me an' Andy ain't on good terms, you know. Andy is mighty funny about his property. I found the dog, the same one, in my springhouse once, an' I pulled him out, an' pulled him putty hard, too, an' Andy got mad an' chunked me round a good deal, an' since that I allus let his property alone."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

PAID FOR HIS MEANNESS.

Salting a Mine to Entrap an Accomplished Clerical Liar.

A prominent mining operator was telling of his experiences at Eagle and Murray in the early days of the Coeur d'Alene stampede.

"It was a soft snap," he said, "when a man could get the privilege of spreading his blankets on the floor by payment of $1 a night. Meals of bacon and beans straight were $1. But no one thought of complaining at high prices when there was a possibility of taking hundreds of dollars daily from the ground.

"But not every claim planned out that well, or, in fact, yielded any return for the miners' labor. And that reminds me of a shrewd little stratagem a young fellow played on a preacher over at Murray in those days. The young man, whom we will call Jones, had been digging on his claim for a month without so much as striking a color, when one afternoon the preacher appeared upon the scene. Asking the usual questions as to his success, etc., the miner replied cheerfully, and dipping up a pan of gravel offered it to the preacher, telling him to carry it to the creek and wash it out and see for himself. On the sly, however, the young man took some gold dust from his pocket and plentifully 'salted' the pan.

"Preacher carries the pan to the creek, and returning reports that he found nothing. Jones preserves a discreet silence, though inwardly sizes the preacher up as an accomplished liar. Pretty soon the preacher offers $150 for the claim, which Jones very promptly accepts. Preacher goes to work like a man, never doubting but that he would realize $2.50 a pan. Imagine his surprise, after thorough trial, to be unable to find a color. Then it dawned upon him that the ungodly young man had salted the pan proffered him with malicious intent and—gold dust. Meeting the former owner where he was spending his ill gotten gains like a prince the clerical gentleman accused him of acquiring money under false pretenses.

"'Don't you dare to throw any of them charges up to me, partner,' said Jones solemnly, as he spit on his hands. 'Of course I salted that mine, but what did you do? Didn't you steal the salt?'

"And he fired the preacher into outer darkness"—Spokane Falls Spokesman.

Peanuts and the Melodrama.

I have sometimes thought that the decline of the melodrama here in Boston has been due to the diminished influence of the peanut in theatrical affairs. There was a certain inspiring influence exacted by this edible which is wanting in the demonstrations of the theatre goers of today. It induced a contemplative attitude which was favorable to the success of plays in which the moral sentiments were appealed to to counteract the effect of the situations. The dropping of peanut shells accentuated, so to speak, the applause which followed the mouthing of unexceptionable bits of morality that served as a makeweight for actions which had a deadedly vicious if not criminal tendency.

One misses in the galleries—the pit, alas! has vanished from our theatres—the class of patrons that gave a peculiar zest to the melodrama, which was coincident with the reign of the peanut. There was a certain affinity between these old time theatre goers and the plays which were provided for their delectation that accounted for the success of a sort of drama that it would be impossible to revive today. The delightful unconsciousness of conventional propriety which was indicated by the consumption of peanuts and the dispersion of their shells within the dramatic temple was matched by the confiding reliance by theatrical managers upon vivid sentiments and vigorous action, instead of upon sensational mechanical effects, to win the favor of an audience.—Boston Post.

The Manual of Arms in the Past.

The manual for loading and firing the musket in 1707 was:

"Join your right hands to your muskets; handle your matches; blow your matches; try your matches; guard your pans; blow your matches; present; give fire; recover your arms; return your matches; blow your pans, handle your primers; prime; shut your pans; blow your pans; cast about to charge; handle your charges; open them with your teeth; charge with powder; charge with bullet; the wads from your hats; draw forth your rammers, hold them up, shorten them against your breast, put them in the barrels; ram down your charge; withdraw your rammers; hold them up; shorten them against your breast, return your rammers; your right hand under the pan; poise your muskets; shoulder your muskets, rest your muskets; order your muskets; lay down your muskets; take up your muskets; rest your muskets; club your muskets, rest your muskets, shoulder your muskets; make ready; give fire"—Gen Sherman in North American Review.

Romantic Love in the East Indies.

It would seem that romantic lovers are still to be found on the banks of the Hooghly. In a village called Tangail another case of "Villikins and His Dinah" was enacted a few days ago. A young Calcutta graduate, on being disinherited by his father for marrying a lady of the reformed class against his father's wishes, agreed with his "dearly beloved" to put an end to their existence by opium poisoning. They bade adieu to each other and swallowed opium. The lady died the next morning, the young graduate revived, it is said, under the influence of a stomach pump and other medical aid, after paying a penalty of forty rupees for his "rash" act.—Times of India.

Smart Boy.

Office Boy (to Blossom, who has just entered)—Senator Boodle called while you were out, and he waited quite a while.

Blossom—You knew I was in Bloomer's office across the hall; why didn't you call me?

Office Boy—I couldn't leave the office alone, sir.

Blossom—Why, boy, that gentleman is a United States senator.

Office Boy—That's the reason I didn't want to leave him in the office alone, sir.—Epoch.

Among the new electrical apparatus for vessels has recently appeared the holophote, which is a powerful arc light mounted on a movable projector so as to send a beam of light to port or starboard to indicate to other vessels the way her helm is put. If, for example, the helm is to port, the ray sweeps to starboard and is there occulted. The apparatus is worked through the power of the electric current, being automatically thrown in and out by movements of the helm.

Tests of aluminum bronze have been commenced at the Watertown arsenal, Massachusetts, under the auspices of the government. The tensile strength was shown to be over 90,000 pounds to the square inch, and the transverse strength 66,000 pounds on a one inch square bar.

Sunday with the Vanderbilts.

The Vanderbilts are all religiously inclined, and early on Sunday morning the children are washed and dressed and sent to Sunday school. At church time they go to their father's pew and sit there with him and their mother during the service. In the afternoon they go to Sunday school again. They are never allowed to use horses or carriages, nor to go out, except for a short walk as a matter of exercise. The day is spent very quietly. They have an early tea, and in the twilight the children gather in the music room, while one of the ladies plays the piano or organ. Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K., Elliott F. Shepard and the ladies of the families join for an hour or two in song.

The boys sometimes bring out their violins, the young girls play their harps, and there is an hour or two of the most delicious music that one could imagine. They sing hymn after hymn, and when the twilight fades the little ones are put to bed, to get up the next morning with the glow of health upon their cheeks, and begin their week of study and play that shall fit them to become strong men and women to administer wisely upon the vast fortunes that will soon be theirs.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Professor Simonson says that there are now from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 students of Volapuk in the world, of whom 1,000,000 are competent to use it; 1,200 business houses where it is employed, and 1,200 Volapuk text and reading books, as well as thirty well regulated Volapuk journals.

Several Historic Fans.

A fan belonging to a New York lady was originally given by Napoleon to Josephine and then by the empress to Mme. Campan, from whom it passed to its present owner. Of other beautiful fans owned by fortunate New York ladies, one painted by Detaille is a spirited picture of horses taking the fence at Jerome park; another, by the painter Borra, minutely depicts a christening scene before a Spanish alcalde, while a third shows a charming skating scene in the Bois de Boulogne, painted by Lalitte. The fan which Mrs. Levi P. Morton carried on the night of the Centennial ball is an heirloom—exquisitely carved ivory sticks and charming water color painting on white silk.—New York World.

Smallpox in Germany.

The law of Germany makes vaccination compulsory, and provides for re-vaccination at stated periods. As a result smallpox is rapidly disappearing, a recent report giving the deaths for the whole empire as only 198 in 1886, 169 in 1887 and 11 in 1888. Of the deaths in 1888 about four fifths occurred in parts of the empire immediately bordering countries not protected by vaccination. Comparing the deaths of the larger cities with those of cities in other countries, the death rate from smallpox was 186 times as great in Austria, 36 times as great in Hungary, 16 times as great in England, 24 times as great in Belgium and twice as great in Switzerland.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Food for Neptune.

The quantity of meat thrown overboard into the Atlantic is very great. Out of 186 cargoes of animals sent to British ports in one year from Canada, consisting of 61,002 head of cattle, 61,382 sheep and 75 pigs, 655 cattle, 1,170 sheep and 1 pig were consigned to the deep during the voyage. Of the 432 cargoes exported from the United States to this country, comprising 138,661 head of cattle, 30,317 sheep and 17 pigs, 1,570 of the first and 857 of the second class of this live stock were thrown overboard during the voyage, thus numbering 4,856 animals which were pitched into the sea for the year.—London Letter.

BIRDS AND BOYS.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes.
And when it is finished all cozy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.
"Twit-ter-ee twitter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of bother;
But oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! How happy we'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing,
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing.
It's something to work for small hobbledehoys
That will tear their trousers and make such a noise;
"And one must admit," says the dear little mother,
"That bringing up boys is no end of a bother;
But oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,
It's sweetness for me! It's sweetness for me!"

—Unidentified.

A BALLOON TRIP.

In the issues of the Bombay papers of June 4, 5 and 6 of the year 1862 will be found reports of Professor Mazam and his balloon "The Princess," and accounts of a successful ascension, and each day there after for the next ten days the papers recorded the fact that "up to this time nothing has yet been heard of the two men who made the ascent on the 3d inst."

I turned up in Bombay in May of the year recorded, after a year and a half in other portions of India, and very soon thereafter it was announced in the papers that "Professor Mazam, the celebrated French aeronaut, would soon make an ascension from the public gardens." Three or four days later I ran across the professor, and I was gratified and surprised to find him to be none other than an old friend whom I had traveled with in China. He was an English speaking Frenchman who had seen the whole world and taken in all sorts of adventures, and had purchased the balloon of a genuine aeronaut who had reached Bombay, with the idea of giving ascensions in all the larger towns in the country. The aeronaut had fallen sick, been despoiled of his cash, and he sold his balloon to Mazam and quit the country in disgust. Mazam was now going into ballooning for the adventures it might bring, and when he invited me to make the first trip with him I was not five seconds in giving him my promise.

The 3d of June was a fete day, and the city was filled with an immense crowd. The balloon was new, very strong, and Mazam had plans beyond a mere ascension. We packed the car with provisions enough to last a week, took along rifles, revolvers and ammunition, and made all preparations for a long journey. The prevailing winds in Bombay from May to July are from the south, or up the Arabian sea, and so we privately counted on being wafted inland, perhaps to the Turkish boundary. The people in general had the idea that we would descend within a few miles of the town, and more than a score of men came forward and volunteered to make the trip with us. Without her burden of baggage the balloon could easily have carried five or six men. As it was she shot up like a bird when all was ready to let go, and in a few seconds the city and harbor were far below us. We at once started on our inland journey, taking a pace of about fifteen miles an hour, and for three hours everything worked smoothly and well.

We made the ascent at sharp 2. At 5 o'clock we met a counter current of air from the north, and in five minutes the balloon had begun to drive back to the south. Ballast was thrown out, and we leaped up to find the current still stronger above. We then settled down as near the earth as it was safe to go, but still we drove back over our course. Seeing that we had to go, ballast was flung out to give us a higher altitude, and we moved to the northwest at the rate of ten miles an hour. In an hour we could discern the sea and its coast line, and as evening came we left the land and hovered over the Gulf of Cambay. This was the last seen of the balloon on shore.

While Mazam had never made an ascension before, to say nothing of the management of a balloon, he had no difficulty in handling it, and neither of us was at all timid. It was a serious matter to find the balloon sailing out to sea, but we ate our supper at an altitude of half a mile, and hoped for a change of wind. At about 10 o'clock, our progress then being not over ten miles an hour, and a sort of fog shutting out sight of everything below us, I went to sleep. Mazam was to arouse me at 12 or 1 to go on watch, but at sunrise both of us opened our eyes and turned out at the same moment. He had fallen asleep soon after I did, and the balloon had been left to take care of itself. The compass showed her to be heading due west at a gentle pace, but in another half hour she might have been in the sea, everything being saturated and heavy with dew. We were down where we could plainly make out several steamers and sailing craft, and the balloon was evidently an object of great curiosity to the people on board some of them. Ballast was thrown out until we reached an altitude of 2,000 feet above the sea, and the sun soon dried the dew and rendered the balloon very buoyant. A stiff breeze also got up from the east, and by 7 o'clock we were making railroad speed through the air, bound for the coast of Arabia.

During the entire day, which was a very pleasant one, our craft took sole care of herself, never varying over fifty feet in her altitude, and driving so steadily that one had but to shut his eyes to imagine that she was standing still. From our perch we looked down on many craft during the day, and were consoled by the thought that in case of accident we were pretty sure to be picked up. When night came we added 500 feet to our altitude as an offset to the dew, and as the weather was fine we both lay down to sleep. I awoke twice during the night, but to find all quiet, and when I turned out just at sunrise it was to find the Arabian coast almost under our feet. Had the wind held steadily during the night we should have reached the coast at or near Mirbat, but it had changed two or three points and drifted us higher up. As soon as the sun had dried the dew we descended until not more than 1,000 feet above the land, and then we made out a very bleak and sterile country under our feet. We were on the northeastern edge of the Arabian desert, and it was a good hour before we saw any signs of civilization. Meanwhile, both of us knowing what sort of people we had to deal with, we had loaded all the firearms and made a pile of such baggage as could be thrown away in case we wanted a higher altitude.

If our air ship had lost any great amount of gas up to this time we could not perceive it. Here and there was a wrinkle in the silk to prove that the safety valve had been opened to give us a drop, but it did not seem as if an ounce had escaped by any other means. We had no sooner left the water than the breeze began to subside, and our pace was reduced to five or six miles an hour. We knew that a counter current would soon be met with, and both were looking over the edge of the basket at the moving panorama below when we suddenly espied a native village. It was, rather, the camp of some wandering tribe, all the shelters being of canvas or skin. We saw camels, asses, goats and horses, with many people moving about, and we had only got sight of them when they saw us. Some fell down and others ran away, and we were laughing at their fright when we heard the sing of a bullet and the report of a gun.

"Over with the ballast!" shouted Mazam, and the next instant we were so far above them that their horses appeared to be mere specks on the earth.

"We have lost the breeze and are standing still," said my companion as I went over to him. "I don't know what those fellows take us for, but they seem bound to bring us down."

There were four or five of the Arabs shooting at us at this time, and now and then we could catch the noise of their bullets. If we went higher there was a fear of meeting with a current of air that might set us off over the sea again; and as the Arabs continued to blaze away, we then hanging right above the camp, Mazam opened the safety valve with the remark:

"Let's show them that two can play at this game. We don't want to kill, but let's give them a good scare."

As we dropped down we began firing over the edge of the basket down among the flocks, and in two minutes there was a rumpus which set us both laughing. The entire village made a rush and abandoned everything. Some of the men leaped upon their horses and galloped away, while others fled on foot, and women and children ran for a grovenear by and reached it to throw themselves prostrate on the earth. For an hour we hung above the place as if anchored there, and then a gentle current carried us to the northward into the province of Muscat. About mid afternoon, while sailing along a thousand feet above the earth at a slow rate, we came to an open country which seemed to be destitute of human life, and Mazam announced that we would descend and replenish our stock of water and see what was to be seen.

After the anchor had trailed along the ground for a hundred yards it caught in the limbs of a prostrate tree, and we soon hauled our craft down and secured her. We were within ten rods of a small water course, and while I was filling our keg Mazam shot a couple of fat birds, and we built a fire and cooked and ate them on the spot. We then gave the balloon a careful inspection, and were considerably cast down at the result of our investigations. It was full of folds and wrinkles, and after we had thrown out the regular ballast left, which was not above ten pounds, articles of value of necessity would have to follow to keep the balloon above the earth. There was not a breath of air stirring below, and by watching the clouds we saw that the set of the upper current was toward the sea. It was therefore deemed best to wait a more favorable hour, but the afternoon wore away and no change came. At dusk a breeze did come, but it would have sent us off to sea, and it was decided to make a night of it where we were.

At dusk we entered the basket and let go our line until we were a hundred feet above the earth, and then prepared for a quiet night. But darkness had hardly come before we heard the roaring of lions, and there was such a chirping of insects that one could hardly make his voice heard without shouting. As we had seen no people about we did not think it necessary to keep a watch, and both went to sleep about the same time. At midnight Mazam shook me and whispered in my ear:

"Come, now, but here is a sight worth seeing. Be careful to make no noise."

As I looked over the basket he pointed to the west. There, on the open ground, made almost as light as day by the rising moon, was a large male lion. Then he pointed to the east, and I turned my eyes that way to discover another. Taking our balloon as a center, each animal was about five rods away and facing each other.

"They were roaring at each other for fifteen minutes before I woke you," whispered Mazam. "It was a challenge to combat, and now you will see some fun."

The animals approached each other as you have seen two dogs, each carefully lifting his paws and setting them down, but they did not diminish the distance over a rod before both stopped and stood as if cut from stone. The only signs of life were the low growls of defiance. By and by one turned to the right as if to half circle the other. This was met by a counter movement. Then he turned to the left, and was countered again. Then he backed off and the other advanced. Then he advanced and the other backed off. The play had been going on in this fashion for at least twenty minutes when the one to the east of us made a rush so swift and sudden that we could not follow him. The beasts grappled and rolled over and over, making a tremendous fuss, but after two or three minutes of this one of them turned tail and ran away, hotly pursued by the victor.

The remainder of the night passed without incident, and as daylight came a breeze from the north came with it. After a cold bite we lifted our anchor and were off; but now we found that after every pound of the regular ballast had gone overboard we were not above rifle shot from the earth. And we had scarcely begun to move before we found ourselves above a long drawn out caravan or moving village, which had just taken up its line of march. Perhaps all knew our craft to be a balloon; perhaps they believed it to be some great bird. At any rate they began firing at us, and the very first bullet struck the basket. It was an open country, and such men as were mounted on horses could keep up with us.

"Now, then," said Mazam, as the bullets continued to sing about us, "overboard with that keg of water, all extra clothing, everything to give us a lift out of range, and I will do some shooting for myself."

He seized a rifle and fired at a horseman almost under us, and then exchanged for the other and fired at another, and by this time we were in the clouds and driving away at a much faster pace. Inside of an hour the balloon began to approach the earth again, and as we were driving toward Mirbat we threw over our overcoats, the spy glass and the box of bread. We shot upward and drove ahead for about fifteen miles, and then descended until we were no more than 500 feet above the ground. To maintain this distance we had to throw over the two rifles, and twenty minutes later we dropped into a field of maize just outside of Mirbat.—New York Sun.

How to Tell Good Bananas.

D. B. Welsh, the steward of the steamer Savannah, says: Not one fruit buyer in a hundred, unless he has been brought up in the far south, knows how to select bananas when purchasing them by the bunch. It's a very simple thing. Look at the thick end of the branch on which the bananas hang. If it is green the bananas will ripen slowly and lusciously, and will be of good flavor. If the end of the branch is black the bananas themselves will blacken after a day or two, and will ripen too fast and rot. Even if they are plucked the day after they are bought, and eaten, they will be mushy and the flavor will not be good.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Miscellaneous

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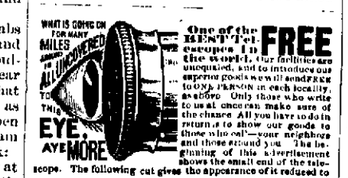

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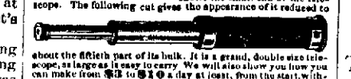

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